THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1857.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1869. }

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XXX.

MEXICAN GUERRILLEROS.

The manœuvre had occupied only a few seconds of time, and the horsemen were yet distant. They had thrown themselves into a formation, and *were riding "by twos!"*

This movement took us by surprise. The tactics were not Indian: Comanches never march in double file. The horsemen could not be Indians. Who, then?

A sudden hope crossed my mind, that it might be a party of my own people, out in search of me. "By twos" was our favorite and habitual order of march. But no; the long lances and streaming pennons at once dissipated the hope: there was not a lance in the American army. They could not be "rangers."

Comanches on the *war-trail* would have been armed with the lance, but clearly they were *not* Comanches.

"Wagh!" exclaimed Rube, after eyeing them intently. "Ef thur Injuns, I'm a niggur! Ef thur Injuns, they've got beards an sombrayras, an thet ain't Injun sign nohow. No," he added, raising his voice, "thur a gang o' yellur-bellied Mexikins, thet's what they ur."

All three of us had arrived simultaneously at the same conviction. The horsemen were Mexicans.

It was no great source of rejoicing to know this; and the knowledge produced no change in our defensive attitude. We well knew that a band of Mexicans, armed as these were, could not be other than a hostile party, and bitter too in their hostility. For several weeks past, the *petite guerre* had been waged with dire vengeance. The neutral ground had been the scene of reprisals, and terrible retaliations. On one side, wagon-trains had been attacked and captured, harmless teamsters murdered, or mutilated, whilst still alive. I saw one with his arms cut off by the elbow-joints, his heart taken out, and thrust between his teeth! He was dead; but another whom I saw still lived, with the cross deeply gashed upon his breast, upon his brow, on the soles of his feet, and the palms of his hands—a horrid spectacle to look upon!

On the other side, ranchos were ransacked and ruined, villages given to the flames, and men on mere suspicion shot down upon the spot, or hanged upon the nearest tree! Such a character had the war assumed; and under these circumstances, we knew that the approaching horsemen wore our deadly foes.

Beyond a doubt, it was either a scouting-party of Mexican lancers, a *guerilla*, or a band of robbers. During the war, the two last were nearly synonymous, and the first not unfrequently partook of the character of both.

One thing that puzzled us—what could any of the three be doing in that quarter? The neutral ground—the scene of *guerrilla* operations—lay between the two armies; and we were now far remote from it; in fact, altogether away from the settlements. What could have brought lancers, guerrilleros, or robbers, out upon the plains? There was no *game* in that quarter for any of these—country—neither an American force to be attacked, nor a traveller to be plundered! My own troop lay the out-picket in this direction, and it was ten miles off. The only thing likely to be met with near the mesa was a war-party of Comanches, and we knew the Mexicans well enough to be convinced that, whether soldiers or freebooters, they were *not* in search of that.

Such reflections, made in double-quick time, occurred to us as we scanned the advancing troop.

Up to this moment, they had ridden directly towards us, and were now nearly in a line between us and the mesa. On getting within about half a mile of our position, they turned sharply toward the west, and rode as if to make round to our rear! This manœuvre of course placed us upon their flank; and now, outlined against the sky, we could distinctly trace their forms and note their habiliments and armor. Nearly all wore broad-brimmed sombreros, with jacket, sash, and calzoneros. They carried lances, lazoes, and carbines or *escopettes*. We could distinguish sabres *machetes*—the universal weapon of the Mexican ranchero. They could not be drilled troops, their costumes, as well as a certain irregularity in their manœuvring, forbade this supposition.—Their lances, moreover, were borne in all sorts of ways—some couched, some resting in the stirrup as held correctly, while others were carried over the shoulder like a firelock! No, they could not be a troop of regulars. They were either *guerrilleros* or true *salteadores*.

After riding nearly a half-circle round—still keeping at the same distance—the troop suddenly made front towards us, and halted.

We had been puzzled by their going round; we could not divine their object in so doing. It could not be to cut off our retreat. The timber in the back direction was miles off. Had it been near enough, we should certainly have retreated to it long before; but we knew it was too distant. Rube and his old mare would have been overtaken by our well-mounted enemies, long ere we could have gained the woods; we knew this, and therefore did not think of making the attempt. On the other side was the *mesa*, which, from their late movement, had been left open to us. It was but a half-mile off, and perhaps, by making a dash, we might have reached it; but not a tree grew near it—except those on its summit—and its rocky wall apparently offered no advantage to us, even more than the open plain. The enemy seemed to be aware of this, else they would not have halted round, and thus left the way clear.

Until the moment of their halt, therefore, we remained ignorant of their motive in moving to the rear; *then* it was explained. Their object was evident to all of us: they had halted between us and the sun!

It was a cunning manœuvre, worthy of a war-party of Indians, and told us we had no common enemy to deal with. By approaching us from that direction, they would have a decided advantage: our aim would be spoiled by the sun—now low down upon the horizon, and gleaming right in our eyes. My companions were wroth at the trick that had been thus played so adroitly; though we could not have hindered it even if forewarned.

We were allowed but little time to reflect upon the matter; we saw by the movements of the horsemen that they were preparing to charge.—One who appeared to be the leader, mounted upon a larger horse than any of the rest, was addressing them. He rode along the line speaking in a loud tone, and gesticulating violently; he was answered with *vivas*, which we could plainly hear. Every moment, we looked to see them gallop forward.

A DEAD SHOT.

We knew there was no alternative but fight or surrender, though not one of us entertained an idea of the latter; for myself, I should as soon have thought of turning my pistol to my own head. My uniform, tattered as it was, would easily reveal my character to the enemy; and, if captured, I knew I should be hung, or perhaps, in the absence of trees, shot down upon the spot. My comrades had reasons for knowing that *their* shrift would be equally short; neither thought for a moment of tamely yielding.

"No!" emphatically pronounced Rube, "this child don't guv in, till he's rubbed out, *he* don't! Tarnation odds, too!" he added, looking toward the troop; "twelve agin three o' us. Durn the odds! I've got clur o' wuss scrapes than 't looks yit, and so've you, Bill Garey—hain't we, boyee? Durn the odds! let 'em kum on!"

"Ay," responded Garey, without the slightest show of excitement, "they'd better not come too ner 'ithout tellin thar bisness. I see one saddle that I'll empy the minnit they pass yon weed." And the speaker indicated a bunch of the *artemisia* plant that grew some two hundred paces off in the direction of the horsemen.

The reckless talk of the old trapper, with the contrasted cool bearing of his younger companion, had fixed my nerves fully. At the first sight of so many adversaries, I was not without some misgivings—in fact, I felt fear. Such odds against us—four to one—was fair cause for apprehension. But it was not my first fight against large odds, both Indian and Mexican; and on that account, I regarded it the less seriously.

Notwithstanding the superiority of our enemy in numbers, I knew we were not so unequal. Unless shot down by the first volley of their carbines and escopettes, each of our three rifles was sure of its man. I had confidence in my own weapon, and a still more perfect reliance on those of my comrades. They were men that never missed—men who never fired a random shot—never drew trigger till their aim was sure. I felt certain, therefore, that should the horsemen charge upon us, only *nine* of the twelve would ever come within pistol-shot, and for that distance we were all prepared. I carried in my belt a six-chambered revolver, one of Colt's best; Garey had another—a present I had made him many years before—and Rube was armed with a pair of stout single barrels, like enough to do good service.

"Seventeen shots! wi' our bowies to fall back upon!" cried Garey triumphantly, as we finished a hasty survey of our arms.

As yet the enemy did not advance; notwithstanding their *vivas* and ejaculations, they appeared to hesitate about charging. Their leader, and another—a lieutenant, perhaps—were still seen riding along their line, as if animating them by further speech, and giving them orders how to act.

Meanwhile, we had not been idle; we had *formed square* to receive the charge! You may smile, but such was in reality the case. We had formed square—with our horses! There were four of them, for the wild horse counted one. Garey, who rode like a Comanche, had broken him at our last camp, and he was now perfectly tractable. The shake of a lazo rendered him docile as a lamb.

The four were tied head to head, and croup to croup, and each formed one side of the square. They could not have broken it even under a charge of cavalry; bridles must be untied or cut, and lazoes set loose, before that *formation* could be destroyed!

Within stood we, fronting our foes—the large horse of Garey forming our barricade—our heads and feet alone visible to the enemy.

Thus did we await the onset.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PARLEY.

Another chorus of *vivas* announced that the guerrilla chief had finished his oration, and that the attack was about to be made. We saw him, with one or two others, advance in front of the line, and head towards us, evidently intending to lead the charge.

"Now," muttered Rube, in a sharp, quick tone, "guns ready, boys! no waste shots, d'yur hear? Lead counts hyur—*it* do. See! by the jumpin Geehosophat, thur a gwine to ride right down! Let 'em kum on, and be ——! Thur's one o' 'em won't git this fur—I mout say two—I mout say three, I'deed. Durn the glint o' thet sun! Billee!" he continued, addressing Garey, "ee'll shoot fust; yur gun's furreat carry. Plug the big un on the clay-bank hoss. This child's for No. 2 on the gray mustang. An, young fellur! ee'll jest pick off that nigger on the roan. I know yur wild-cat to the bone, but keep yur eye skinned and yur narves steady, d' yur hear?"

"Yes, yes!" I hurriedly answered, though at the time steadiness of nerves was easier promised than practised. My heart was heaving in quick pulsations at the near prospect of the terrible drama about to be enacted.

At this moment the "Forward" fell upon our ears, and with the wild notes of the bugle came the words:

"*Andela! anda! Dios y Guadalupe!*"

In an instant the troop was in motion, and pressed forward, galloping to the charge.

They had not made many stretches before their line became broken, several of the swiftest or most courageous forging ahead of the others.

"The three fo'most!" cried Rube, in the same sharp tone—"the three fo'most! Thet'll fotch 'em up wi' a roun turn, or this child's mistaken! Now, boyees! mind yur eyes! Steady! Stea-dy—stea-d-y—"

All at once, Rube's muttered cautions, slowly drawled out, were changed to an exclamation that betokened surprise, followed by a long, low whistle of the same import! The cause was clear. The guerrilleros had got within three hundred yards of us, still going at a gallop, but we could perceive that their pace slackened as they advanced; already it was more of an amble, than the forward dash of an earnest charge. It was evident they had no stomach for the business—now that they were near enough to see the shining barrels and black hollow tubes of our levelled rifles.

Garey was waiting till the foremost should pass the artemisia-bush; for by that he had long since calculated the point-blank range of his rifle. Another moment, and its crack would have been heard; but the horseman, as if warned by instinct, seemed to divine the exact limit of danger. Before reaching the bush, his heart failed him, and in a wavering, irresolute manner, he drew bridle and halted! The others, nothing loath, followed his example, until the whole troop had pulled up within less than three hundred yards of the muzzles of our guns!

"Cowed, by ——!" shouted Rube, with a derisive laugh. "Hullo!" continued he, raising his voice still louder, and addressing the halted line; "what do ee want, anyhow?"

Whether Rube's comical interrogatory was understood or not, it elicited a reply:

"*Amigos! somos amigos!*" (We are friends!) shouted back the leader of the band.

"Friends, be durned!" exclaimed the trapper, who knew enough of Spanish to understand the signification of *amigos*. "Nice friends you!—Wagh! D' yur think to bamfoozle us thet away? Keep yur distance now!" continued he, raising his rifle in a threatening manner, as a movement was perceptible among the horsemen. "Keep yur distance, or, by the tarnal airthquake! I'll plug the fust of ye thet rides within reach. Durn sich friends as you!"

The leader now conversed in a low tone with his lieutenant. Some new design seemed to have been devised between them—and after awhile the former again addressed us; speaking as before in Spanish.

"We are friends!" said he; "we mean you no harm. To prove it, I will order my men to fall back upon the prairie, while my lieutenant, unarmed, will meet one of you on the neutral ground. Surely, you can have no objection to that?"

"And why such an arrangement?" inquired Garey, who spoke Spanish fluently. "We want nothing of you. What do you want from us, with all this durn'd fuss?"

"I have business with you," replied the Mexican; "and you, sir, in particular. I have something to say to you I don't wish others to hear."

As he said this, the speaker turned his head, and nodded significantly towards his own following. He was candid with them at least.

This unexpected dialogue took all three of us by surprise. What could the man want with Garey? The latter knew nothing of him—had never, as he declared, "set eyes on the niggur before;" although at such a distance—with the sun in his face, and the Mexican's sombrero slouched as it was—Garey might be mistaken. It might be some one whom he had met, though he could not recall him to mind.

After a short consultation, we agreed that Garey should accept the proposal. No evil could result from it—none that we could think of. Garey could easily get back before any attack could be made upon him, and Rube and I should still be ready to protect him with our pieces. If they meditated treachery, we could not perceive the advantage they were to gain from the proceeding.

The "parley," therefore, was accepted, and the conditions arranged with due caution on our part. The horsemen—with the exception of the leader and his lieutenant—were to ride back to the distance of half-a-mile; the leader was to remain where he was; and half-way between him and us, Garey and the lieutenant were to meet, both of them on foot and unarmed.

At an order from their chief, the guerrilleros fell back. The lieutenant dismounted, laid his lance along the ground, unbuckled his sabre, drew the pistols from his belt, and placing them beside the lance, advanced towards the appointed spot.

Garey had likewise disarmed himself; and leaving his weapons in charge of Rube and myself, stepped forth to meet the Mexican. In another minute, the two stood face to face, and the parley began.

It was of short duration. The speaking, which appeared to be principally done by the Mexican, was carried on in a low tone; and Rube and I saw that he pointed frequently in our direction, as if we were the subject of his discourse. We observed that his harangue was suddenly interrupted by Garey, who, turning round at the same instant, cried out to us in English:

"Hillow, Rube! what do yer think the skunk wants?"

"How shed I know?" replied Rube. "What do 'e want?"

"Why, he wants"—Garey's voice rose louder with indignation—"he wants us to give up the *ranger-captain*; an sez, if we do, you an me can go free! Ha, ha, ha!" and the young trapper ended his announcement with a scornful laugh.

Simultaneous with Garey's laugh, I could hear Rube utter a low whistle, and the words, "thet's how the stick floats;" and then raising his voice, he called out:

"An what answer hev you gin him, Billee?"

"I hain't answered him yet," was the prompt reply, "but hyar's the answer!"

I saw Garey's arm raised, with his huge fist clenched; I saw it descend like a trip-hammer upon the face of the Mexican, who, with the blow, fell heavily to the earth!

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DEAD SHOT.

The unexpected closing of the conference elicited an angry shout from the Mexican horsemen; and, without waiting for orders, they galloped up to their chief. Halting at long-range, they fired their carbines and escopettes; but their bullets cut the grass far in front of us, and one or two that hurtled past, were wide of the mark.

The lieutenant, who had been only stunned, soon recovered his legs, but not his temper. His wrath overbalanced his prudence, else the moment he found his feet, he would have made the best of his way to his horse and comrades. Instead of doing so, he turned full front towards us, raised his arm in the air, shook his clenched hand in a menacing manner, accompanying the action with a torrent of defiant speech. Of what he said, we understood but the concluding phrase, and that was the bitter and blasphemous *carrajo!* that hissed through his teeth with the energetic aspiration of rage and revenge.

That oath was the last word he ever uttered; his parting breath scarcely carried it from his lips, ere he ceased to live. I heard the fierce word, and almost simultaneously, the crack of a rifle, fired close to my ear. I saw the dust puff out from the embroidered spencer of the Mexican, and directly over his heart; I saw his hand pass rapidly to the spot, and the next moment he fell forward upon his face!

Without a groan, without a struggle, he lay as he had fallen, spread, dead, and motionless upon the prairie!

"Thur, durn yur carako!" cried a voice at my shoulder; "ee won't bid for me agin ee skunk—thet ee won't!"

I needed no explanation, though I turned involuntarily to the speaker. Of course, it was Rube. His rifle was smoking at the muzzle, and he was proceeding to reload it.

"Wa-hoo—woop!" continued he, uttering his wild war-cry; "thet shortens thur count, I reck'n. Another nick for Targuts! Gi' me *her* for a gun. Wagh! a long pull it wur fore the ole weepun! an the glint in my eyes, too! The niggur riled me, or I wuldn't a risked it. Hold yur hosses, boys!" he continued in a more earnest tone; "don't fire till I'm loaded—for yur lives, don't!"

"All right, Rube!" cried Garey, who hastily passing under the belly of his horse, had reentered the square, and once more handled his rifle. "All right, old boy! Ne'er a fear! we'll wait for ye!"

Somewhat to our surprise, Rube was allowed ample time to reload, and our three barrels once more protruded over the shoulders of Garey's horse. Our animals still held their respective positions. Three of them were too well used to such scenes, to be startled by the detonation of a rifle; and the fourth, fastened as he was, kept his place perforce.

I say, to our surprise, we were allowed time to get into our old vantage-ground; for we had expected an immediate charge from the guerrillas.

Vengeance for the death of their comrade would give them courage enough for that; so thought we; but we were mistaken, as their ire only vented itself in fierce yells, violent gestures, and loud cries.

They had clustered around their chief without order or formation. They seemed to pay but slight regard to his authority. Some appeared urging him to lead them on! Some came galloping nearer, and fired their carbines; others shook their lances in a threatening manner; but one and all were careful to keep outside that perilous circle, whose circumference marked the range of our rifles. They seemed even less inclined for close quarters than ever; the fate of their comrade had awed them.

The dead man lay about half-way between them and us, glittering in his picturesque habiliments. They were weaker by his loss, for not only had he been one of their leaders, but one of their best men. They saw he was dead, though none had dared to approach him. They knew the Texan rifle of old—these spangled heroes; they saw, moreover, that we were armed with revolvers, and the fame of this terrible weapon had been already carried beyond the frontier of the Rio Grande.

Notwithstanding all that, men of our race, under similar circumstances, would have charged without hesitation. So, too, would men of theirs, three centuries ago.

Perhaps in that band was an Alvarado, a Sandoval, a Diaz, or De Soto! only in name. Oh, Cortez! and you *conquistadores!* could you behold your degenerate descendants!

And yet not all of them were cowards; some, I dare say, were brave enough, for there *are* brave men among the Mexicans. A few were evidently willing to make the attack, but they wanted combination—they wanted a leader; he who acted as such appeared to be endowed with more discretion than valor.

Meanwhile, we kept our eyes fixed upon them, listening to their varied cries, and closely watching their movements. In perfect coolness, we regarded them—at least so much can I say for my comrades. Though life or death rested upon the issue, both were as cool at that moment as if they had been only observing the movements of a gang of buffalo! There was no sign of trepidation—hardly a symptom of excitement visible in the countenance of either. Now and then, a half-muttered ejaculation, a rapid exchange of thought, relating to some fresh movement of the enemy, alone told that both were alive to the peril of the situation.

I cannot affirm that I shared with them this extreme and perfect *sang froid*; though upon my nerves, less indifferent to danger, their example had its effect, and inspired me with courage sufficient for the occasion. Besides, I drew confidence from another source. In case of defeat, I had a resource unshared by my companion—perhaps unthought of by them. Trusting to the matchless speed of my horse, as a last resort, I might possibly escape. I could have ridden off at that moment without fear of being overtaken, but the craven thought was not entertained for an instant. By my honor, no! I should have accepted death upon the spot rather than desert the brave men who stood by my side. To *them* I was indebted for my life. 'Twas for *me* that theirs were now in peril; and from the first moment I had determined to stand by them to the end, and sell my blood at its dearest. In the event of both falling before me, it would then be time to think of flight.

Even this contingency had the effect of strengthening my courage, and at that moment I viewed the vengeful foe with a coolness and freedom from fear that now, in the retrospect, surprises me.

During the interval of inaction that followed, I was cool enough to reflect upon the demand which the guerrilla leader had made—the surrender of my person. Why was *I* singled out? We were all enemies alike—all Americans or Texans—on Mexican soil, and armed for strife. Why did they want *me* alone? Was it because I was superior in rank to my companions? But how knew they this?—how knew they I was a "ranger captain?" Ha! they must have known it before; they must have come out especially in search of me!

A light flashed suddenly into my mind—a suspicion strong almost as certainty. But for the sun glancing in my eyes, I might have earlier obtained an explanation of the mystery. I drew down the visor of my forage-cap, stretching it to its full extent; I increased the shade with my flattened palms, and from under them strained my eyes upon the leader of the band. Already his voice, while in conversation with Garey, had aroused a faint recollection within me. I had heard that voice only once, but I thought I remembered it. Guided by my suspicion, I now scrutinized more closely the face of the man. Fortunately, it was turned towards me, and despite the dazzling of the sunbeam, despite the slouched sombrero, I recognized the dark features of Rafael Ijurra! In that glance I comprehended the situation. He it was who wanted the "ranger captain!"

There was doubt no longer. My suspicion was a certainty; but with the next throb of my heart rose another, a thousand times more painful—a suspicion of—

With an effort I stifled my emotions; a movement was perceptible among the guerilleros; the moment of action had arrived!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A RUNNING-SHOT.

Though our enemy was once more in motion, we no longer anticipated a direct attack; the time for that had passed. The fate of their comrade had evidently checked their ardor, and too much shouting and bravo had cooled, rather than heightened, their enthusiasm. We could tell by their manœuvring that some new mode of assault had been planned, and was about to be practiced.

"Cowardly skunks!" muttered Rube; "they ain't the pluck to charge us! Who ever heerd o' fair fight in a Mexikin? Wagh! Thur arter some trick," he continued, in a more serious tone. "What do 'ee think it be, Billee?"

"I'm thinkin, old boy," replied Garey, whose keen gray eye had been for some time fixed on the movements of the guerilla—"I'm thinkin thar a goin to gallop roun, an try a shot at us Injun fashion."

"Yur right," assented Rube; "thet's thur game! Scalp me ef 'taint! Look yander—thur they go!"

The horsemen were no longer in line, nor formed in any fashion. Irregularly grouped, they exhibited a "clump" upon the prairie, some standing still, others in motion. As Rube uttered the last words, one of them was seen to shoot out from the main body, spurring his steed into a gallop as he parted from the crowd.

One might have fancied that he was about to ride off from the ground; but no, that was not his intention. When he had made half a-dozen stretches over the plain, he guided his horse into a curve, evidently with the design of riding around us.

As soon as he had gained some score of yards from the troop, a second horseman followed, repeating the manœuvre; and then another and another, until five of the band, thus deployed, galloped round us in circles. The remaining six kept their ground.

We observed that the five had left their lances behind them, and carried only their carbines.

We were not astonished at this; we divined the intention of our enemies. They were about to practice an old prairie tactic—a stratagem of the horse Indians, with which all three of us were familiar.

We might have been more apprehensive about the result had it been really Indians who were going to practise the manœuvre—since in an attack of this kind, the bow, with its many missiles in a minute, is far more dangerous than either carbine or rifle. But the fact that our assailants understood the stratagem, told us we were opposed to men who had seen Indian-fight—no doubt, the picked men of the frontier—and to defend ourselves would require all the courage and cunning we possessed.

It did not surprise us that only a portion of the band galloped out to effect the surround; there was design in that, and we knew it. The five who had been detached were to wheel round in circles, dash at intervals within range, fire their carbines, kill some of our horses, keep us distracted, and, if possible, *draw* the fire of our rifles. This purpose effected, the other six—who had already approached as near as was safe for them—would charge forward, empty their guns, and then use their lazoes with effect.

Of this last *weapon* my companions had more dread than of all the others carried by our foes. They had reason. They knew that our rifles once empty, the lazo could be used beyond pistol-range; and by such men, with far surer aim than either carbine or escopette!

We were allowed but scant time to entertain these doubts, fears, and conjectures, or to communicate them to one another. They passed before us like the lightning's flash: the quicker that they were old thoughts—things familiar from experience. We were conscious that the stratagem of our enemy had increased the peril of our situation; but we thought not yet of yielding to despair.

In an instant we had altered our relative positions. The three of us no longer fronted in one direction, but stood back to back—each to guard the third of the circle before his face. Thus stood we, rifles in hand.

The five horsemen were not slow in the execution of their manœuvre. Once or twice they galloped round us in a wide circle; and then following a spiral curve, drew nearer and nearer.—When within carbine range, each fired his piece; and, retreating outward upon the main body, hastily exchanged his empty gun for one that was loaded, and galloped back as before.

In the first volley, most of their bullets, discharged at random, had passed over our heads. We heard them hissing in the air high above us. One, however, had been better aimed, and struck Rube's mare in the hip, causing the old mustang to squeal and kick violently. It did but little damage, though it was an earnest of what we might expect; and it was with increased apprehension that we saw the horsemen come back on their circling career.

You will wonder why we did not return their

fire? Our guns carried as far as theirs. Why did we not use them, while the horsemen were within range? Not one of the three of us thought of drawing a trigger! You will wonder at this? It requires explanation.

Know, then, that the five men who galloped round us were five of the best horsemen in the world—no doubt the picked riders of the band. Set in Arabia, not in the hippodromes of Paris or London, could they have found their superiors—perhaps not their equals, for these men literally lived in the saddle. Each, as he approached the dangerous circle covered by our rifles, disappeared *behind the body of his horse.* A boot and spur over the hollow of the deep saddle-tree, perhaps a hand grasping the wither-lock of the horse, were all of the rider that could be seen. Presently a face might be observed, suddenly veiled by a puff of smoke from the carbine, and then ducked instantly out of sight. Perhaps the barrel of the piece might be noticed glancing along the horse's counter, while the stream of fire pouring forth, told that the rider had taken aim under the throat of his steed, the latter all the while going at full gallop.

During these manœuvres, sharp shots as my comrades were, and fair marksman as I was myself, there was no instant when we could have hit any one of the five horsemen. It would have been easier to have brought down a bird upon the wing. Their horses we might have killed or crippled, but that would not have repaid us for the risk of an empty rifle. We dared not waste a bullet on the horses. This, then, was our reason for reserving our fire.

Do not fancy from my prolixity of explanation that *we* were so slow in comprehending all this. No, we understood our situation well enough; we knew that to discharge our pieces—even though a horse should fall to every shot—was just what the enemy desired. That was the main point of their *ruse*; but we were too well used to the wiles of Indian warfare to be beguiled by so shallow an artifice. Words of caution passed between us, and we stood to our guns with as much patience as we could command.

It was tempting enough—provoking, I should rather say—thus to be fired at, without the chance of returning it; and my companions, notwithstanding their habitual coolness, chafed angrily under the infliction.

Once more the five horsemen came galloping around us, and discharged their pieces as before; but this time with more effect. A bullet struck Garey in the shoulder, tearing away a patch of his hunting-shirt, and drawing the blood; while another went whizzing past the cheek of Old Rube, creasing his catskin cap!

"Hooray!" shouted the latter, clapping his hand over the place where the lead had wounded him. "Clost enough thet wur! Cuss me, ef't hain't carried away one o' my ears!"

And the old trapper accompanied the remark with a wild, reckless laugh. The rent of the bullet, and the blood upon Garey's shoulder, now fell under his eye, and suddenly changing countenance, he exclaimed:

"By the tarnal! yur hit, Bill? Speak, boyee?"

"It's nothin," promptly replied Garey—"nothin; only a grease. I don't feel it."

"Yur sure?"

"Sartin sure."

"By the livin catamount!" exclaimed Rube, in a serious tone, "we can't stan this no longer. What's to be done, Billee? Think, boy!"

"We must make a burst for it," replied Garey; "it's our only chance."

"Tur no use," said Rube, with a doubtful shake of the head. "The young fellur mout git clur; but for you 'n me thur's not the shaddy o' a chance. They'd catch up wi' the ole mar in the flappin o' a beaver's tail, an yur hoss ain't none o' the scopiest. Tur no use."

"I tell you it are, Rube," replied Garey, impatiently. "You mount the white hoss—he's fast enough—an let the mar slide; or you take mine, an' I'll back whitey. We mayent get clar altogether; but we'll string the niggers out on the prairy, an take them one arter another. It's better than stannin hyar to be shot down like duffler in a pen. What do *you* think, capt'n?" added he, addressing himself to me.

Just then an idea had occurred to me. "Why not gallop to the cliff?" I inquired, looking toward the mesa: "they can't surround us there? With our backs to the rock, and our horses in front of us, we may defy the rabble. We might easily reach it by a dash—"

"Scalp me! ef the young fellur ain't right," cried Rube, interrupting my speech. "It's the very idee, plum center!"

"It are!" echoed Garey—"it are! We hain't a second to lose; they'll be round us again in a squril's jump. Look yonder!"

This conversation had occupied but a few seconds of time. It occurred just after the five horsemen had the second time emptied their guns, and galloped back to exchange them. Before they could return to deliver a third fire, our determination was taken, and we had hastily undone the fastenings of our horses, and were ready to mount. This we accomplished so quietly, that it was evident the enemy had not perceived us, and therefore entertained no suspicion of our design; hence the road towards the mesa was still perfectly open to us. In another minute, however, the five riders would have been circling around us, and that would have naturally altered our situation.

"Hurry, Rube!" cried Garey—"hurry, man, and lo's be off!"

"Keep cool, Billee," rejoined Rube, who was adjusting the bridle of Garey's horse. "Plenty o' time, I tell ee; they ain't a comin yit. Ho-woo! ole gal!" he continued, addressing himself to the mare—"ho-woo! we're a gwine to leave you shint a bit, but I reck'n yu'll turn up agin. They won't eat ye, anyhow; so don't be skeart about that, old gal! Now, Billee, I'm ready."

It was time, for the riders were again spurring forward to surround us.

Without waiting to observe further, we all three leaped simultaneously on horseback; and, plying the spur deeply, shot off in a direct line for the mesa.

A glance behind showed us the guerrilleros—the whole band coming in full tilt after us, while their cries sounded in our ears. To our satisfaction, we saw we had gained ground upon them—our sudden start having taken them by surprise, and produced in their ranks a momentary hesitation. We had no fear of being able to reach the mesa before they could overtake us.

For my own part, I could soon have ridden out of sight altogether; so could Garey, mounted on the white steed, that, with only a raw-hide halter, was behaving splendidly. It was Garey's own horse, a strong but slow brute, that delayed us; he was ridden by Rube; and it was well the chase was not to be a long one, else our pursuers would have easily overhauled *him*. Garey and I kept by his side.

"Don't be afeerd, Rube!" shouted Garey, in a tone of encouragement; "we ain't a goin to leave you—we'll stick thegither!"

"Yes," added I, in the excitement of the moment, "we live or die together!"

"Hooray, young fellur!" cried Rube, in a burst of wild gratitude—"hooray for you! I know yur the stuff, an won't leave me shint, though I gin you the slip oncest—when you mistuk me for the grizzly. He, he, hoo! But then, you see, twur no use o' my stickin to you—ne'er a bit o' good. Wagh! them niggurs ur getting nigher!"

We were riding directly for the middle of the mesa, whose cliff, like a vast wall, rose up from the level plain. We headed for its central part, as though we expected some gate to open in the rock and give us shelter!

Shouts of astonishment could be heard mingling with the hoof-strokes. Some of the expressions we heard distinctly. "Whither go they?" "*Vaya!* do they intend to ride up the cliff?" "*Carramba! van en la trampa!*" (Good! they are going into the trap!)

Shouts of exultation followed, as they saw us thus voluntarily placing ourselves in a position from which retreat appeared impossible.

They had been apprehensive, on our first galloping off, that we might be mounted on swift horses, and meditated escaping by speed; but on discovering that this was not our intention, cries of joyful import were heard; and as we approached the cliff, we saw them deploying behind us, with the design of hemming us in. It was just the movement we had anticipated, and the very thing we wished them to do.

We galloped up close to the rocky wall before drawing bridle; then, suddenly flinging ourselves to the ground, we placed our backs to the cliff, drew our horses in front of us, and holding the bridles in our teeth, raised our rifles towards the foe. Once more the three shining tubes were levelled, promising certain death to the first who should approach within range.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RUBE'S CHARGER.

Our attitude of defence, thus suddenly assumed, produced a quick effect upon our pursuers, who pulled up simultaneously on the prairie. Some who had been foremost, and who fancied they had ridden too near, wheeled round and galloped back.

"Wagh!" ejaculated Rube; "jest look at 'em! they've tuk care to put plenty o' paraira atween our guns an thur cowardly karkidges. Wagh!"

We at once perceived the advantage of our new position. We could all three show front wherever the enemy threatened. There was no longer any danger of their practising the surround. The half-circle behind us was covered by the mesa, and that could not be scaled. We had only to guard the semicircle in front—in fact, less than a semicircle, for we now perceived that the place was *embayed*, a sort of re-entering angle formed by two oblique faces of the cliff. The walls that flanked it extended three hundred yards on either side, so that no cover commanded our position. For defence, we could not have chosen a better situation; gallop round as they might, the guerrilleros would always find us with our teeth towards them! We saw our advantage at a glance.

Neither were our enemies slow to perceive it, and their exulting shouts changed to exclamations that betokened their disappointment.

Almost as suddenly, their tone again changed, and cries of triumph once more arose along their line.

We looked forth to discover the cause. To our dismay, we perceived a reinforcement just joining them! Five fresh horsemen were riding up, evidently a portion of the band. They appeared to have come from behind the mesa—from the direction of the rancheria—though, as we galloped forward, we had not observed them: the mound had concealed them from our view. Notwithstanding this accession to their strength, their courage did not appear to gain by it.

Almost on the instant that their new allies arrived upon the ground, the troop flied off by twos, and deployed across the mouth of the little bay in which we had taken shelter. The movement was soon completed, and six pair of them were now ranged before us at equal distances from each other. The remaining three—Ijurra and two others—kept their places directly in front of us. In one of the latter I had recognized a ruffian whom I had frequently noticed at the rancheria. He was a man of large size, and, what is rare among Mexicans, red-haired; but I believe he was a *Vizcaino*. He was familiarly known by the sobriquet of *El Zorro* (the Fox), probably on account of the hue of his hair; and I had heard from good authority—that of the *alcalde himself!*—that the fellow was neither more nor less than a *salteador*. Indeed, El Zorro made little secret of his calling. The brigand of Mexico is usually well known to his countrymen. During his intervals of leisure, he appears in the populous town, walks boldly through the streets, and freely mingles in society. Such was El Zorro, one of the right-hand men of Ijurra.

The design of our enemy was now manifest: they had no intention of making an immediate attack upon us; they saw that our retreat was impossible, and had resolved to hold us in siege, perhaps till thirst and hunger should force us to surrender.

Their calculation was founded on probability. If their valor was weak, their cunning was strong and subtle.

Rube was now greatly "out of sorts." When he saw the guerrilleros "fixing" themselves in the manner described, he seemed to regret that we had taken our stand there.

"We're hyur!" he exclaimed, peevishly, "an how ar we to git clur agin? Scalp me, Bill! ef we hedn't better a fit 'em on the paraira, afore we gits weak wi' hunger. Wagh! I kud eat a griskin now, an a good chunk o' a one. Ay, smoke away!" (some of the Mexicans had lighted their cigars, and were coolly puffing at them)—"smoke away, durn yur! yur yeller-skinned skunks! I'll make some o' ye smoke afore mornin, or my name ain't Rube Rawlins. Gi's a bit o' bacca, Bill; maybe it'll take the edge off o' my stummuck. Wagh! I feel as holler about the kidneys as my ole mar—Geehosophat! See the mar!"

The emphatic utterance of the last words caused Garey and myself to look towards the speaker, and then in the direction in which he pointed. A scene came before our eyes, that, spite the depression of our spirits, caused both of us to break into loud laughter.

The "ole mar," that for many long years had carried Rube over the mountains and prairies, was a creature that scarce yielded to himself in peculiarity.

She was a lank, bare-ribbed, high-boned animal, long-eared, like all her race, for she belonged to the race of Rosinante. The long ears caused her to look mulish, and at a distance she might have been mistaken for a mixed breed; but it was not so—she was a true mustang, and, spite of her degenerate look, a pure Andalusian. She seemed to have been, at an earlier period of her life, of that dun yellowish color known as "clay bank"—a common hue among Mexican horses; but time and scars had metamorphosed her, and gray hairs predominated, particularly about the head and neck. These parts were covered with a dirty grizzle of mixed color. She was badly wind-broken, and at stated intervals, of several minutes each, her back, from the spasmodic action of the lungs, heaved up with a jerk, as though she was trying to kick, and couldn't. Her body was as thin as a rail, and her head habitually carried below the level of her shoulders; but there was something in the twinkle of her solitary eye—for she had but one—that told you she had no intention of giving up for a long time to come. As Rube often alleged, "she was game to the backbone."

Such was the "ole mar," and it was to her that our attention was now so suddenly called.

Having parted from her on the prairie, in the wild gallop that followed, we had thought no more of the creature, not caring—that is, Garey and myself—what became of her. Rube, however, was far from sharing our indifference as to her fate. He would almost as soon have parted with one of his "claws," as that same faithful companion, and we had heard him expressing his hopes that no harm would come to her.

Of course, we had concluded that she would either be shot or lazoed by one of the guerrilleros. It appeared, however, that this was not to be her fate just then. Resolving not to be parted from her master so easily, she had galloped after us. Being slow, she soon fell behind, and for a while was mixed up with the horses of the guerrilleros. Of course the men had noticed her, but seeing that she was a worthless brute, had not deigned to make a capture of her.

In due time she fell into the rear of the whole troop; but even that did not turn her from her original intention, and at the moment of Rube's exclamation, she was just breaking through the line of deployment on her way to join him. From the manner in which her nose was held as she ran, she appeared to be trailing him by the scent.

Seeing her pass, one of the guerrilleros dashed after to capture her; perhaps because there was an old saddle with some of Rube's traps buckled upon it. Mare, saddle, and all, were scarcely worth the fling of a lazo, and so the man appeared to think; for instead of using his lazo, he rode forward with the intention of seizing the mare by the bridle.

The feat proved not so easy of accomplishment. As the fellow bent down to grasp the rein, the old mare uttered one of her wild squeals, slewed her hind-quarters about, and raising her hoofs high in air, delivered them right upon the ribs of the Mexican. The heavy "thud" was heard by all of us; and the man swayed from his saddle, and fell to the ground—to all appearance badly hurt, and most probably with a pair of broken ribs.

The squeal of the mare was echoed by a shrill laugh from the throat of her delighted master; and not until she had galloped up to him, did he cease to make the rocks ring with his wild cachinations.

"Wa-hoo—woop! yur thur, ole gal!" he shouted as the animal halted before him. "You gin 'im a sockdolloger—you did. Teeup! ole blueskin! yur welkum back! an ye've fotched my saddle too! Hooray! Ain't she a beauty, Bill? She's wuth her weight in beaver-plew. Wagh! that 'ee ur, ole beeswax! Kum hyur this away—thur now!"

And the speaker proceeded, after some more apostrophising, to draw the animal closer up to the cliff, placing her body as an additional barricade in front of his own.

Our involuntary mirth was of short duration; it was interrupted by an object that filled our hearts with new apprehension.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ It would appear from numerous observations that soldiers are hit during battle according to the color of their dress in the following order: Red is the most fatal color; the least fatal, Austrian gray. The proportions are red 12, rifle green 7, brown 6, Austrian bluish-gray 6.

☞ Polygamy is allowed in New Zealand, but the head wife is the only one who is allowed to commit suicide when her husband dies. The other wives are denied the privilege.

☞ Bishop Hall says a man's mother is the representative of his Maker; that misfortune and crime set no barriers between her and her son,—while his mother lives a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy: her affection ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

☞ Love is of the nature of a burning glass, which kept still in one place, fireth; changed often, it doth nothing.

☞ We increase our losses ourselves, and club with fortune to undo us, when with them we lose our patience, too; as infants, that being robbed of some of their baubles, throw away the rest in childish anger.—*Wycherly.*

☞ METRICAL.—"First class in sacred music stand up. How many kinds of metre are there?" "Three, sir—long metre, short metre, and *meet her* by moonlight alone."

☞ RESOLUTION.—There are multitudes of people that destroy themselves through irresolution. They are eternally telling about what they mean to do, but they never do it.

☞ If thou wouldst have a good servant, let the servant find a good master. Be not angry with him too long, lest he think thee malicious; nor too soon, lest he conceive thee rash; nor too often, lest he count thee humorous.—*Quarles.*

☞ A REBUKE.—A young lady became so much dissatisfied with a person to whom she was engaged to be married, that she dismissed him. In revenge, he threatened to publish her letters to him. "Very well," replied the lady; "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my letters except the address."

☞ Whenever you go to drown yourself, always take along your corks, for after you get into the water, you may change your mind to take a bath.

☞ INDIGESTION.—Indigestion and constipation should be removed by the adoption of a vegetarian diet. Stewed or raw ripe apples is a very good article of diet, and brown bread decidedly advantageous. Porridge is also wholesome, but should be eaten with bread, toast, or biscuit, to cause mastication. Perseverance in a pure diet has often cured rheumatics.

☞ LOVE LETTER.—"Dear Julius.—You say your love will surmount all obstacles. Meet me then, adored one, on Christmas Day, on the summit of Mont Blanc.—CELESTINA."

☞ No man will ever fully find out what he is by a mere survey of himself. He must explore if he would know himself.

Paris Letter.

WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO IF WE COULD—NEW BRANCHES OF BUSINESS—AN ECHO FROM YOUR SIDE OF THE WATER—LITERATURE AND FINANCE—NOT SO DULL AS WE SEEM—A LOSS OF TIME—LA RISTORI IN CAMMA.

PARIS, April 30th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Stupid as it is to talk of the weather, it is impossible to avoid doing so when the community is suddenly deprived of the glorious sunshine of a fortnight ago, and plunged into the clouds, grayness, and bitter north-east winds that have been busy giving people the *grippe*, and blighting the fruit-blossoms ever since. The young leaves have grown yellow during these frosty nights; the doom of apricots, peaches, plums and cherries, and of those who would fain have eaten them by and by, is believed to be definitely settled; and great fears are entertained for the vines. "Another week of this weather, and another year without grapes?" is the universal and dolorous exclamation.

Seriously, is it not time that something were done for the weather? It is evident that the higher Powers cannot intend these blessed little blossoms to come out only to be nipped; cannot have rendered the human race so dependant upon the fruits of the earth for continued existence and progressive development, without having also devised some means whereby, in the progress of things, we may bring the conditions of a plentiful harvest under our control. The same paternal stimulus which, as says the proverb, "does not give us our bread ready baked," but gives us the wit to cultivate the wheat, to make it into bread, and to build and make due use of the oven, has doubtless created, in the possibilities of nature, certain means (which we shall discover when we take the trouble to search for them,) by which we may secure the meteorological conditions we need for the world's well-being.

But if agriculture is brought to a stand-still by this horrible *lune rousse*, the ice-dealers are "improving the season," and are busy bringing in enormous quantities of ice from Norway. They are probably speculating on a great demand for the article on the approach of the comet. An ingenious speculator is said to have just sold out all his shares in the funds, and to be employing his capital in the purchase of coffins; and to have been seized with a painful despondency on being asked, if the world were really burned up, what would become of the profits he hoped to realize from his investment. He had quite forgotten that side of the question.

Speculators of another class are turning their attention to rabbits. Not that these estimable animals have been lost sight of by *la grande nation*, which has long been in the habit of consuming them very largely; as any one will know who has ever taken a stroll through a French market. The pretty little creatures, with the soft fur and restless noses, are to be seen by the hundred, munching their provender in large hampers, well lined with straw, and little suspecting how soon, for them, their last cabbage-leaf will be eaten! The salesmen, if you ask for a rabbit, clutches up whichever you may happen to fancy, sticks its head between his knees, and *presto!* with a twist of the back-bone, and a plunge of the knife, the unconscious quadruped is turned into meat before it has time to get an inkling of what is going on. The skinning and dressing are the work of about a minute more; and you often see a whole hamper of lively young rabbits cleared out in a few minutes to fill the basket of a *cuisinier* from a neighboring *restaurant*. Cats being abundant here, much petted, and consequently plump, nobody ever dreams of buying a rabbit unless he has seen it alive. But it has lately come to the knowledge of people here, that the Belgian rabbit-dealers are driving a flourishing trade with the London markets, certain towns of Flanders furnishing no less than 50,000 weekly, or 2,600,000 in the course of the year. Gaud, Eecloo, Shielt, Ruysselde, &c., are the principal centres of this trade. Every Tuesday and Friday wagon-loads of rabbits are sent off from the Aelire railway-station to London, *via Ostende*. The town of Eecloo alone thus exports 78,000 of these animals; and the French are beginning to think that they might as well have a share in this lucrative trade.

The journals here are all copying a long account extracted from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, of some marvellous water-color drawings of American flowers, fruit, and foliage, done on your side of the water, by an "estimable and pious lady of declining years, totally ignorant of the art of painting, under the inspiration of the spirits." According to this account, which the writer declares, on his personal knowledge, to be perfectly truthful, these pictures are so perfect in form, color, and aspect, that one is obliged to touch them in order to convince oneself that they *are* pictures, and not real objects laid upon the paper. After describing many marvellous particulars of these results, and the mode by which they are obtained, the writer goes on to say that "they are being exhibited in New York, and that the public is invited to come and inspect them;"—"and no doubt, to purchase them also," add the Paris editors, with a knowing wink at the close of the quotation.

The opening of the line of railway between Paris and Mulhouse has just been celebrated by an excursion, to which a certain number of artists and literary men were invited by the principals of the undertaking, the bankers Rothschild and Pereire. To the great amusement of the visitors, the station of the Commune of Castelnaudary, among its arches of flowers, and its troops of peasants in holiday-clothes, displayed the banner of—the French Republic, with its watch-words, *Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite!* The journalists, on their return, have all been laughing over the rural simplicity and ignorance of the "Republic of Castelnaudary," taking it for granted that the peasants of that region, buried in the rich loam of their own wheatfields, were profoundly unaware of the metamorphosis the government of the rest of the country underwent in 1852. But such is not the case. That part of the country is thoroughly Republican and Socialist; and the leading spirits of the village amused themselves with getting up this little surprise, trusting to their reputation for rustic simplicity to get them safely out of the scrape. Accordingly, the old banner of the Commune was hoisted instead of the new one; and, in order to deceive the local authorities, this banner was kept closely furled, (on pretext of not getting it faded by a too long exposure to the sun,) until the railway train came in. It was then bravely unfurled, and the cries of "Vive la Republique!" struck, at the same moment, on the astonished ears of the visitors, who gazed about them in utter amazement, unable to believe either their eyes or their ears. Both M. de Rothschild and M. Periere possess a magnificent country-seat—rural palaces, in fact,—in the lovely valley of Hyeres. The malicious visitors, as they looked out upon these splendors, recounted many a queer anecdote of the former of these money-lords; who, when his son Alphonse was sent to finish his education at the School of Arts and Trades of Chalons, was much disappointed at learning from the Principal of the Institution that the course of study could not be terminated in less than three years.

"*Three years!*" exclaimed the disappointed and disconsolate father, "*three years without making money!*"

The young hopeful, whose remaining studies were thus plunging his parent into despair, is the same whose marriage with his wealthy cousin, thus uniting two colossal fortunes in the interests of the Rothschild supremacy, made so much noise in Paris and London a month or so ago, and whose splendors were duly chronicled in a former letter.

In my last mention was made of the appearance of Madame Ristori in Alfieri's milk-and-watery tragedy *Ottavia*; and of how her magnificent acting had barely saved the piece from downright failure. Since then she has appeared as *Camma*, in a new play written expressly for her by her accomplished countryman, the refugee, Joseph Montanelli. The role of Camma seems less to have been devised for her than to be herself, so admirably does it bring out all her most admirable qualities, and her unequalled power and beauty. The plot of *Camma* is taken from Plutarch, who, as your readers will remember, relates, in his "Virtues of Women," the following history:

"There were formerly in the country of Galatia two powerful lords, the most noble of the land, named Sinorix and Sinatus, of whom Sinatus had espoused a young maiden, called Camma, much esteemed and prized by all who knew her, much for her beauty and the prime of her age, and yet more for her uprightness and virtue; for, not only she loved her honor and her husband, but was also prudent, magnanimous, and singularly beloved of the Galatians for her goodness and gentleness. And what added much to her renown, and the regard the subjects of Senatus had for her, she was priestess of Diana, (whom the celts called Koridwen, whence Corivena,) so that, on public festivals and processions she was seen magnificently apparelled and attended. Sinorex became deeply enamored of her, and with malicious forethought, laid in wait for Senatus, and slew him; soon after which misdeed, he demanded the hand of his widow. Camma, who, since her husband's death, has dwelt in the temple of the great goddess she serves, weeping and lamenting her husband's death, detests Sinatrix, whom she suspects to be its cause. But, in order to draw from his own lips the avowal of the crime, she feigns to be consumed by a passion for the unknown murderer of Sinato, declaring that she can never love any other than the man whose love for her has led him to commit so great a crime, in defiance of the terrible consequences that must ensue to him should the deed be discovered. Sinorex falls into the snare, avows the deed and claims her promise. She feigns to accept him joyfully as her husband; and consents to marry him in the temple of the goddess. The priests and priestesses are convened for the solemnity; and Camma, in her bridal robes, retires to the inner sanctuary to prepare the 'espousal-wine.' Reappearing, she drinks from the cup, and offers it to Sinorex, who, in his guilty rapture, drains it to the dregs. But scarcely has he swallowed the draught than he staggers, turns pale, and falls into the arms of his attendants.

"'Oh, woman, too deeply loved!' he cries, 'what cup is it that thou hast given me?'

"'Profane not the sacred name of love!' responds the priestess, 'only the pure in heart can love; not such as thou! Oh, cowardly assassin of my ever-adored and noble Sinatus!' she continues, 'what cup could I share with thee, save the cup of poison?' And denouncing the conscience-stricken murderer to the assembled crowd, she recounts the incidents of crime, and completes her vengeance by the scorn she casts upon him. 'Oh, coward! that could lie in wait for thine unsuspecting friend, hidden in the myrtle-thickets, and basely stab him from behind as he moved onward to perform his devotions in the Temple of Diana, thou didst think to take his widow to thy arms! Bear witness, oh, Thou mighty Divinity whom I serve, and ye, assembled people! that if I have seemed, crushing down my horror and my hate, to smile on the suit of this false caitiff, it was but to draw from him the certain avowal of the crime my woman's heart had divined at his approach! Ah! thou wouldst know the joys of wedded love! Thy nuptial couch, oh, murderer of a better man than thou, is the tomb! Away!'"

Shrinking from this sudden judgment, and already entering into the death-agony, Sinorex is borne from the temple by his attendants. And Camma, glorying in the punishment she has brought upon the murderer, (not only as the widow of the victim, but also as High Priestess of Diana, and consequently the chief judicial authority of the land,) and learning that Sinorex has expired from the effects of the poison, "goes away, voluntarily and gaily, out of this world," rejoicing that the poison which has sent the murderer to the gloom of Erebus, will raise her to the abodes of the Blest, and unite her to her beloved Sinatus.

To the power of delicacy with which every portion of this highly dramatic *role* is brought out, the perfect art with which, while smiling on the suspected murderer, she shows to the audience the horror and the hatred under her smiles, the passionate intensity of her denunciation, and the withering scorn of her sarcasm, no description can do justice; nor to the triumphant joy of the death-scene, amidst the physical agony and gathering films of dissolution.

Her performance of this new *role* was a continued series of ovations. She was called for eleven times in the course of the evening; three times after each act, and five times after the fall of the curtain. The house was in a tumult of enthusiasm, and the stage was literally inundated with bouquets.

This incomparable actress, so highly-gifted both by nature and art, never uses a particle of paint or of powder. Her face, changeful as the diamond, flushes and pales, her eyelids redden, her graceful, majestic figure vibrates with every fresh emotion;—she *is* the part she seems; and we feel, in witnessing these marvellous impersonations, that so, under each given circumstance, we, too, should have felt, have moved, have spoken, and have done. Hence her unrivalled power over the hearts and nerves of her audience.

QUANTUM.

☞ He who lives to no purpose, lives to a *bad* purpose.

AGUE HUNTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We were once, said a friend of ours, detained for a few days in a small town on the Illinois river, (we wonder where he found the *small* town, as we have always heard all the towns on the Illinois river described as "large and flourishing,") and often found much amusement and information in listening to conversations held on the front porch of the snug little hotel ("little" again!) where we "put up." One of the greatest talkers on said porch was a middle aged man, purely western in his habits and tastes, with just enough of the drawl in his tone to proclaim him a native of New York. He was called Dick Longfellow, whether because he was so remarkably short, or that it was really his name, I know not. Be that as it may, he was "sir oracle," and when he opened *his* mouth, why, others listened.

The usual group were gathered on the porch one evening, some sitting on the steps, some astride the hand-railing, some tipped back in their chairs, some whittling, and all chewing, when we were joined by two eastern men who had arrived that afternoon. One of these sat picking his teeth for a while, and then said,

"Is this a healthy place? Do they have the ague about here?"

As this question was not directed to any one in particular, Dick took it upon himself to answer by saying,

"Wall, not a terrible sight, stranger, but jest enough to keep one straight, and make 'em keerful."

"You have tried it I suppose?" said the stranger.

"Wall, yes; but you see we had ager in York State, and don't feel so skeered about it. Whenever I feel it a comin' on, my woman she gives me enough pepper tea to make me feel like a red pepper-pod for a week, and that brings me out on it."

"Is your woman a doctress?" asked the gentleman, laughing.

"Hanged if she ain't then," replied Dick, "and if you get a spell of ager while you're out this way, jest come down to our house, and let her try her hand on ye."

We all laughed, and the strangers soon after retired to themselves. They were no sooner out of hearing than Dick burst out in a great guffaw, and said,

"Do excuse me, friends, but I must have my laugh out whenever I hear them Boston fellers asking about the ager. 'Pears to me they have queer notions about the critter, haw, haw, haw!"

We asked him how he knew these men were from Boston?

"How do I know it? Why they are allers so white-faced, and so clean like, and go a tipping about on their toes, and a looking behind 'em to see of the ager's arter 'em. And of they ask you any question it's sure to have ager in it, fust or last. I do raly b'lieve they think it is some sort of animal that is allers dogging at their clean heels. If they do catch it, off they put, like chain lightning for hum, and skeer their old neighbors anigh to death; so that when a fresh lot has any business out this way, they come peering about like the fust, asking after the tarnal ager agin. Seems like it does near about use up a Boston man to shake. They're so stuck up and starchy. They won't gin in to it like a limber feller does, and jest let it shake 'em, but they stands up stiff, takes a little boneset tea, a few leetle pills, dash into a wash-tub night and mornin', eat dry crusts, and so shake on forever. Now I tell you what, friends, the ager is a generous sort o' desease, it 'lows one to eat off the fat o' the land, and the fatter the better, and it wants strong coffee, and lots of it, and if don't stand cold water any way, outside or in. The leetle pills don't do it no good, take a big dose or none, don't be skeery nor down-mouthed nor make your will. 'Tain't no use. But yo can't make a Boston feller think so. Now I' bet a horse that them fellers I talked to jest no will put off airly in the morning 'fore the dew off the grass, and ten to one they take a shak afore night, and then won't these parts catch it?

Sure enough, the first thing we could see next morning was the two strangers getting i a wagon, hired for the occasion, to take them to the next town, where, if there was no ague, th might perhaps stay long enough to trade a litt But if the ague should meet them there, the ne train within twenty miles would surely have tw additional passengers. And when "Dick" com to hear of it, he will only say—"I know'd it, knowed they'd rayther go hum and have consump tion, than shake a leetle, like every honest man ha to, and now they'll jest send on another set o' whit faced gentry to sniff round arter the ager agin Dick sticks to it that the best men we have these parts "is them as has bin through a regl seasoning, and come out strong and healthsome For he insists on it that the "blessed ager" great renovator of the human system if take cheerfully and treated generously.

How is it? Answer, ye M. D.'s, one and all.

WALKER.

A good old song man's heart doth cheer,
Like a cordial cup of old strong beer.
'Tis being so, a wight would think
The more men sang, the less they'd drink.
Or drink but half, and take to song
The other half, which were as strong;
But where good liquor doth abound,
And song as well as pot go round,
Folk mostly do the other thing;
They drink the more the more they sing.

☞ A slanderer of the softer sex undertak to prove that Satan was a woman, whose nai was Lucy Fir.

☞ An exchange says:—"Mr. Choate will sent to China—not, however, by the Governme as Minister Plenipotentiary, but that he has be engaged at a large salary to go out to Canto where he will be employed *in lettering tea-chest* It is said that his peculiar style of chirograp will enable him to put on those interesting hier plyphics at a much cheaper rate than the Chine painters can do it."

☞ "*Qu'en dirent les grenouilles?*" was common dippant phrase at Versailles, abo 1791, when any new absurdity was planne meaning: "What will the frogs say to this The French court, in allusion to the quag state of Paris formerly, when known by name of "Lutetia," called its inhabita "frogs."

☞ TEST FOR DIAMONDS.—The diamond very easily be recognized by putting it in w where it retains all its brilliancy, having appearance of a bubble of air, while all precious stones lose this singular appearance.

☞ A preacher once attempted to pre from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," made a failure. Afterwards remarking to Bond that he did not know the reason of failure, the venerable Doctor replied that he "better thereafter *let other people's wives alo*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 23 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS M. A. DENISON The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

THE WAR TRAIL;
A Romance of the War with Mexico,
BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

We design shortly commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

BATHS AND BATHING.

A person bent upon establishing the superiority of the ancient civilizations over those of the latter days, might find an argument in the fact that the former made liberal provision for public bathing, which we do not. Rome in the days of the empire had between eight and nine hundred bathing houses—no one of them a mere concourse of dark closets and tubs, but every one an establishment of splendid proportions and appliances. Baths, too, were found outside the metropolis, in every town in antique Italy. But the Romans were not naturally an inventive people, and the qualities of many a subjected civilization had to be absorbed by them, before they began to discover and improve. For centuries the Roman knew no better than to throw himself at close of day into the Tiber. It was not till he learned something from the eastern nations with whom he came in contact that he found out the utility of warm water. The bath originated in Asia, the former seat of the arts, and, as we think, the scene of the highest life the race has yet achieved. The rest of the world got the idea, as it got all its ideas, from the Orient. Even to this day, no arrangement we have for bathing, not even in our water-cure establishments, approaches the Oriental baths. Travellers from the East, constantly bring reports of the institution, and describe it not only as the greatest luxury, but as a very important means to health and longevity. Mr. David Urquhart, a late Secretary of the English embassy at Constantinople, has recently been lecturing in England on the Turkish bath, and gives the strongest testimony in favor of its utility. Among other things he said:—"The prevailing idea of a bath was water at a warm temperature, but his was a building with the atmosphere heated to a certain degree and that of a different denomination to the water in the ordinary baths. It was difficult, in England, to procure water at a higher temperature than 108 degrees, but for the real enjoyment of the bath it was necessary that the water in the first instance should be 112 degrees, and it should afterwards be raised gradually a few degrees higher, and the pleasure of the bath was felt on leaving the water and going into an atmosphere some degrees lower in temperature. The value of the skin, in the animal economy was destroyed by the impediment offered to respiration through the pores by close fitting clothing, and it was to counteract this evil, and thereby to extend human life to its allotted term of 70 years (which he believed the minimum duration though at present not one in a thousand reached it,) that he suggested the Eastern method of bathing. The skin had been neglected, and scrofula and such diseases resulted, but it was known that the Turkish baths prevented scrofula, consumption, gout and other diseases."

Arguing against the popular belief that the warm bath lowered the system, he stated that "while England and France lost their strength by disease in the Crimea in a fortnight's time, and while the Russians lost 80,000 men out of 70,000, the loss of the Turks was only about three per cent.—and also it was well known that a Turk would take a much greater quantity of strong drink than an European without intoxication."

The reason is obvious enough. We breathe through the pores of our skin, as well as through our lungs, and through these countless mouths of our body, the system constantly seeks to expel the elements which if retained become impurities, and generate disease. Let these pores be clogged, and the porous breathing is, of course, arrested. Our close-fitting clothing, as Mr. Urquhart suggests, assists to stop the process of respiration, and it is to restore the natural condition of the body, that the Turkish system of bathing is found so effectual. We curry-comb and sweat our horses sedulously, and for a good reason. Why do we take so much pains to cleanse the skin of our animals, and at the same time neglect to cleanse our own? Isn't a man as good as a horse?

It must be allowed that other nations are much in advance of us in this respect. We Anglo-Saxons lose in the race by continually stopping to admire ourselves, and to tell the world how much ahead of everybody else we are. While we swagger and boast and vaunt our inventions and ideas, and scoff at new inventions and new ideas, the other nations aspire and improve. In England and America the bath is not popularized; it is a private luxury. We find it commonly only in wealthy houses, and even there on a narrow scale. Perhaps, Philadelphia of all cities in the Union, has more houses with bath-rooms in them, than any other. But what provision has Philadelphia for public bathing? There are three or four bathing houses here, where you can wash yourself with soap and hot water at the rate of twenty-five cents for every forty minutes. There is not, to our knowledge, a single bathing-house with accommodations for women. New York and Boston have more baths for the people than we have, and accommodations for women are not wanting. All through the rural parts of the country there is one immense omission of bathing-houses for anybody. In England it is the same. In France they do things better. Though they by no means approach the Orientals in their bathing arrangements, yet they have numerous baths, and the utility of hot water not only as a means of cleansing the body, but of renovating the system, is to a great extent recognized. We talk of the barbarism of Russia. But the Russian is not so barbarous as not to know the advantage of keeping his pores open. Not only in Russia, but in Finland, Lapland, Norway, Sweden, and all through the North of Europe, there is not a single hut so destitute as to be without a vapor bath, in which, once a week at least, and every day in cases of illness, the people find refreshment and salubrity. It is true that in France and Russia the good effects derived from the bath is somewhat neutralized by dissipation and unphysiological habits; but in the rural parts of Sweden, Norway, Finland, and other northern countries, where the life is sane and simple, the people are robust and remarkably long-lived.

But the Orientals are ahead of all others. Their bath is truly scientific and the perfection of art. No process of purification approaches theirs in completeness and excellence. In our own free and happy country we get into an oblong tin tub, in a doubtful and dingy closet, lie in hot water for fifteen or twenty minutes, soap ourselves with everybody's soap, scrub ourselves with everybody's flesh brush, and then emerging to a hasty towelling, we hurry on our clothes and run home, fearful of taking cold. Among the barbarous Turks, we sit in a temperature of 112 or 120 degrees, till the perspiration runs from us; we are then taken in hand by an operator, who rubs us with a wad of raw silk till all the impurities of the body are disengaged from the pores, and our skins are smooth and fair as infants'; we are then deluged with hot water, soaped with scented soaps, rubbed vigorously, drenched with hot water again, wrapped up in soft towels, dried, enveloped in cloths, and removed to a cooler temperature. There we lie, lost in delicious languor, till our bodies recover their natural temperature. Then we attire ourselves, and go away, light, elastic, joyful, perfectly re-invigorated, and our bodies breathing with happiness at every pore!

Mr. Urquhart said in his lecture that he had lately been employed in constructing a Turkish bath for a person in the south of Ireland, and he had fitted it up with a chamber corresponding with the frigidarium of the Romans, with an inner chamber corresponding with the tepidarium, and a third large chamber, vaulted and lighted with colored glass from above—deep and sombre, which was heated by furnaces beneath. The chamber first to be entered would be heated to 170 degrees, the next to about 100 degrees, and the third was open to the heavens. This building was capable of bathing about 800 persons in the course of every 12 hours.

The cost of erection was not more than twenty-five thousand dollars. Why cannot we have something of the kind in this country? At least, why cannot we have some better, more popular, more scientific, and inexpensive arrangements for public baths? A proper establishment would be a public benefit. It would improve the health of the community, and be a source of profit to its projector. Public spirit failing, and our legislators and politicians being too much engaged to attend to any really useful matters, cannot private enterprise help us? Here is a chance for some adventurous capitalist, anxious to do good and make money.

A KNIGHT OF THE RING AND THE ROUND TABLE.

In a recent number of Putnam's Magazine, in an article on California society in 1849, we find the subjoined incident:

"At one of the monte-tables in a saloon on Kearney street, the game was dealt by a slender, pale young man, almost a stripling, and with seemingly the delicate organization of a girl—his lips soft, his eyes gentle, his hands small and fair, his hair fine, no beard save a slight moustache—his attire well fitting and scrupulously neat, his air pensive, his ways always quiet. One evening an ugly brute, burly and blustering, his naturally vicious temper heated to hideous fierceness by rum, seated himself at this young man's table and called for a 'lay out' of the cards. His manner, provoking from the first, soon became intolerably insulting, and he assailed the dealer with outrageous taunts and menaces, accusing him of cheating, and with abusive oaths refusing to pay over the stakes the bank had won.

"The dealer, patient and long-suffering, and soft spoken to the last, gently remonstrated with the bully, as with one irresponsible, and whose ugly manners were his misfortune. At last the fellow, deceived by the gracious demeanor of his reluctant antagonist, demanded the refunding of his losses, which were of mean amount—for he had been playing rather for a quarrel than for money—and threatened to cut the dealer's heart out if he did not instantly 'fork over.' To this the young man replied by leaping nimbly across the table, and dragging him by the hair from his seat. In an instant the bully drew a formidable bowie; but before he could make a lunge, a quick, sharp, shot-like blow from the lady-like fist, delivered with scientific precision and force, sent him down, his knife flying from his hand. And again, and again, as he sprang, with remarkable agility and much spunk, to his feet, he went down, and down. Till at last, half stunned, blind with blood, and quite bewildered and helpless, he sat on the floor and fairly cried: 'Enough! enough! you are too much for me. Who the devil are you?'

"The young man, whose face was scarcely flushed with the exercise, and whose eye at once resumed its softness, and his air its quiet, said: 'My friend, get up'—at the same time assisting him; 'you are a great fool. My name is ——. Well, never mind his name; there are but few Americans to whom it is not familiar; even a transatlantic notoriety attaches to it. It is the name of a blood-stained hero of the ring, who killed his man, some years ago, in one of the most protracted and cruel gladiatorial encounters recorded in the shocking annals of pugilism. That man was one of the most exemplary of law-abiding San Franciscans in '49. Those dreadful fists were never used save to restore order."

The person alluded to in the above anecdote is, we presume, Christopher Lilly, the pugilist—popularly known as Chris. Lilly. No doubt the description of his personal appearance as above given, would, if mentioned in a novel in connection with such a feat, or given as a portrait of a prize-fighter, be considered unnatural, and a violation of even possibility. And yet, though it does not agree entirely with a reminiscence we happen to have of the personal appearance of this same Chris. Lilly, it is sufficiently accurate, and, making allowance for the difference of eyes, no doubt a faithful description of the pugilist as he appeared to the writer. It was in a daguerreotype room, somewhere about the year 1846 or '47, that we came upon the notorious gladiator. He was small, slight, lithe, and beautifully formed; with an erect carriage, a light and springing step, a fine head borne somewhat haughtily, and a general appearance of aristocratic high-breeding, which the French would call *distingue*. His garb, which was that of the conventional gentleman, and very plain and tasteful, materially assisted this impression. He wore a black frock coat, buttoned, which set off the small waist and well-rounded chest to advantage. The hands were small and gloved, the feet slender and also small. He wore a cap which, of course, prevented any observation of his forehead, but did not conceal a head of dark, crisped curls—the true "hyacinth hair" of the Greek. The face was oval in form, pale, self-possessed and calm; the eyes were dark, soft, yet quick and penetrant; the nostrils sensitive; the lips thin, curved, and proud; the chin round and firm; a slight moustache was the only trace of beard. The whole face and figure were those of a noticeably handsome man, and, singularly enough, there was an air of almost feminine refinement about the entire person, manifested not only in the tasteful garb he wore, but in his graceful and erect demeanor. A suggestion of effeminacy which the smallness and elegance of the figure conveyed, was strangely mixed with a sense that that slender frame was compacted of muscles and sinews like tempered steel, and that its possessor was not a person to brook aggression. We were looking at him with the pleased interest which a handsome person always inspires, not knowing who he was, when a young man connected with the establishment, whispered his name in our ear. Of course, our interest was changed to amazement when we learned that this slender gentleman before us with his gallant and graceful bearing, was none other than the notorious Chris. Lilly, who, as the writer in Putnam truly states, had killed his man in one of the bloodiest and cruellest of all bloody and cruel prize-fights.

Our own remembrance of his appearance differs slightly—chiefly in regard to the alleged pensiveness of air, which we rather remember as hauteur—from the account given in Putnam; but any person who has seen him can say which impression is nearest the truth. Why a man of his personal appearance and seeming gentility should have fellowshiped with prize-fighters, and sought no other distinction than that of an outlawed gladiator, it is not permitted us to know. Never were a man's profession and habits apparently more belied by his aspect and demeanor. We would give much to have known him, and known what manner of man he was. The horrid fact of his prize-fighting would seem to tell against him, and stamp him as a low and brutal fellow; and yet how much excellence of character the incident above related discloses! It shows him gentle, patient, enduring, bearing insult and outrage without resentment, charitably counting his coarse assailant's "ugly manners as his misfortune," and only springing to action when his life was menaced; then, with rare magnanimity, and a forbearance which even in that hot moment was not exhausted, simply contenting himself with knocking his enemy down—staking his unarmed fist against the red chances of the bowie knife—and finally, after having flogged the fight out of the fierce bully, assisting him to his feet with the same little lady-like hand which but a few minutes before had wrought the repeated overthrow, at the same time kindly and quietly admonishing him of his folly! In addition to which, we read that in that lawless and desperate community he was an exemplary and law-abiding citizen, and that "those dreadful fists were never used save to restore order."

After all, perhaps he was not a bad fellow.—His prize fighting and gambling, which we justly count execrable, were probably not execrable to him. Sin consists, it may be, in the violation of the inward law—in doing what we know to be wrong. Perhaps to him it did not seem wrong to fight in the ring, or to win money in games of chance. Three or four centuries ago, gallant gentlemen, plated in steel, fought in the ring for sport, with deadly weapons, and called it the tournament. Fine name for an ugly thing! Yet people read *Ivanhoe*, think the jousts very romantic and alluring, and sigh for the age of chivalry again. Is it, then, so much better for men to kill and bruise each other in armor, with lances and battle-axes, than for men to kill and bruise each other in belts and breeches, with their fists? How is it that the lustre of romance brightly bathes Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and obstinately objects to lend a single purple ray to Thomas Hyer or Yankee Sullivan! We do not say the medieval knights were brutes—but are the modern prize-fighters more so? Then, too, how is it that the game of bulls and bears on the Stock Exchange is so varnished with respectability that the most respectable Christian men can engage in it in the unreproving noon, while the game of monte is so disgraced that men have to slink into painted saloons at midnight, or off to San Francisco, to rake in their little winnings without fear and without reproach? And how is it, dear fellow Pharisees, that we, who so admire the antique tournaments, and deify the gladiators of Balaklava and Inkermann, and have such absorbing interest in the stocks,—how is it that we consistently thank God that we are not like these gambling and prize-fighting publicans?

At the worst, the gaming and the bruising were Chris. Lilly's vices, and they are different from those that are practised without rebuke in our community, only in form and name—the one being medieval and illegal, the other being modern and not prohibited by law. How with his apparent gentility and manliness of character he could have practised them, is, perhaps, not so mysterious, when we reflect that the knights of centuries ago, and the soldiers and merchants of to-day, many of whom seem to us as refined and manly as he, and are probably, if we could get the right view of them, not a bit more so, do, or did, the same things in reality that we reprobate him for doing.

PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY TIMES.—The *Daily Times*, of this city, has issued a weekly, well-filled with miscellaneous and political matter.

New Publications.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE, author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," etc. By E. C. GASKELL, author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," etc. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by C. G Henderson & Co., Phila.

Here is a work which will be read with eagerness by the multitude that welcomed "Jane Eyre." No book printed this year can approach it in power and pathos. Apart from its theme, and considered only in point of literary execution, it has great merit. It is characterized by strength of statement, fine judgment in the selection and arrangement of its materials, and an austere simplicity of style and diction, which is in entire keeping with the pathetic and sombre dignity of the narrative. We could hardly convey any fair impression of its power by citing passages from the body of the work, which relates directly to the career of the Brontes. Detached blocks of the marble, give no idea of the temple. The book must be read in its entireness to be appreciated. Some idea of its literary ability and interest may be given by quoting a few initial passages which relate to the people of the wild region amidst the bleak hills of the West Riding of Yorkshire, in which Charlotte Bronte passed the greater part of her sad life. The district was inhabited by a strange and savage race—the genuine types of the traditional English boors. Mrs. Gaskell describes them as sagacious, dogged, surly, quaint, insular, rough, harsh and brutal. They are, moreover, sleuth-hounds in the pursuit of money.

A LUCKY FELLOW.

"A man that Miss Bronte knew, who was a small manufacturer, had engaged in many local speculations, which had always turned out well, and thereby rendered him a person of some wealth. He was rather past middle age, when he bethought him of insuring his life; and he had only just taken out his policy, when he fell ill of an acute disease, which was certain to end fatally in a very few days. The doctor, half-hesitatingly, revealed to him his hopeless state "By jingo!" cried he, rousing up at once into the old energy, "I shall *do* the insurance company! I was always a lucky fellow!"

Other anecdotes are told, equally characteristic, though relating to other traits. One squire died in the region a few years ago.

YORKSHIRE HABITS.

"His great amusement and occupation had been cock-fighting. When he was confined to his chamber with what he knew would be his last illness, he had his cocks brought up there, and watched the bloody battle from his bed. As his mortal disease increased, and it became impossible for him to turn so as to follow the combat, he had looking-glasses arranged in such a manner around and above him, as he lay, that he could still see the cocks fighting. And in this manner he died.

"These are merely instances of eccentricity, compared to the tales of positive violence and crime that have occurred in these isolated dwellings, which still linger in the memories of the old people of the district, and some of which were doubtless familiar to the authors of 'Wuthering Heights' and 'The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.'

"The amusements of the lower classes could hardly be expected to be more humane than those of the wealthy and better educated. The gentleman who has kindly furnished me with some of the particulars I have given, remembers the bull-baitings at Rochdale, not thirty years ago. The bull was fastened by a chain or rope to a post in the river. To increase the amount of water, as well as to give their workpeople the opportunity of savage delight, the masters were accustomed to stop their mills on the day when the sport took place. The bull would sometimes wheel suddenly round, so that the rope by which he was fastened, swept those who had been careless enough to come within its range, down into the water, and the good people of Rochdale had the excitement of seeing one or two of their neighbors drowned, as well as of witnessing the bull baited, and the dogs torn and tossed."

These amiable brutes had clergymen among them who dealt with them according to their natures. One was a Mr. Grimshaw:—

A YORKSHIRE CLERGYMAN.

"He used to preach twenty or thirty times a week in private houses. If he perceived any one inattentive to his prayers, he would stop and rebuke the offender, and not go on till he saw every one on their knees. He was very earnest in enforcing the strict observance of Sunday; and would not even allow his parishioners to walk in the fields between services. He sometimes gave out a very long Psalm (tradition says the 119th), and while it was being sung, he left the reading-desk, and taking a horse-whip went into the public houses, and flogged the loiterers into church. They were swift who could escape the lash of the parson by sneaking out the back way. He had strong health and an active body, and rode far and wide over the hills 'awakening' those who had previously had no sense of religion. To save time, and be no charge to the families at whose houses he held his prayer-meetings, he carried his provision with him; all the food he took in the day on such occasions consisting simply of a piece of bread and butter, or dry bread and a raw onion."

Another clergyman—Mr. Redhead—was not so fortunate in maintaining his supremacy.

A CLERGYMAN REPUDIATED.

"The first Sunday he officiated, Haworth church was filled even to the aisles; most of the people wearing the wooden clogs of the district. But while Mr. Redhead was reading the second lesson, the whole congregation, as by one impulse, began to leave the church, making all the noise they could with clattering and clumping of clogs, till, at length, Mr. Redhead and the clerk were the only two left to continue the service.—This was bad enough, but the next Sunday the proceedings were far worse. Then, as before, the church was well filled, but the aisles were left clear; not a creature, not an obstacle was in the way. The reasons for this were made evident about the same time in the reading of the service as the disturbances had begun the previous week. A man rode into the church upon an ass, with his face turned towards the tail, and as many old hats piled on his head, as he could possibly carry. He began urging his beast round the aisles, and the screams, and cries, and laughter of the congregation entirely drowned all sound of Mr. Redhead's voice; and, I believe he was obliged to desist.

"Hitherto they had not proceeded to anything like personal violence; but on the third Sunday they must have been greatly irritated at seeing Mr. Redhead, determined to brave their will, ride up the village street, accompanied by several gentlemen from Bradford. They put up their horses at the Black Bull—the little inn close upon the churchyard, for the convenience of arvills as well as for other purposes—and went into church. On this the people followed, with a chimney-sweeper, whom they had employed to clean the chimneys of some outbuildings belonging to the church that very morning, and afterwards plied with drink till he was in a state of solemn intoxication. They placed him right before the reading-desk, where his blackened face nodded a drunken, stupid assent to all that Mr. Redhead said. At last, either prompted by some mischief maker, or from some tipsy impulse, he clambered up the pulpit stairs, and attempted to embrace Mr. Redhead. Then the profane fun grew fast and furious. They pushed the soot-covered chimney-sweeper against Mr. Redhead, as he tried to escape. They threw both him and his tormentor down on the ground in the churchyard where the soot bag had been emptied, and, though, at last, Mr. Redhead escaped into the Black Bull, the doors of which were immediately barred, the people raged without, threatening to stone him and his friends. One of my informants is an old man, who was the landlord of the Black Bull at the time, and he stands to it that such was the temper of the irritated mob, that Mr. Redhead was in real danger of his life. This man, however, planned an escape for his unpopular inmates. The Black Bull is near the top of the long, steep, Haworth Street, and at the bottom, close by the bridge, on the road to Keighley, is a turnpike. Giving directions to his hunted guests to steal out at the back door (through which, probably, many a ne'er-do-weel has escaped from good Mr. Grimshaw's horse-whip), the landlord and some of the stable boys rode the horses belonging to the party from Bradford backwards and forwards before his front door, among the fiercely expectant crowd. Through some opening between the houses, those on the horses saw Mr. Redhead and his friends creeping along behind the street; and then, striking spurs, they dashed quickly down to the turnpike; the obnoxious clergyman and his friends mounted in haste, and had sped some distance before the people found out that their prey had escaped, and came running to the closed turnpike gate."

Such was the character of the community in which Charlotte Bronte was reared, and though her life was reclusive, and its own immediate surroundings of a different and more gentle aspect, it was from such an outer world that she drew many of her experiences of society and her observations of human nature. Her works which have been censured by some narrow critics for melodramaticism and lack of fidelity to actual life, the memoir shows to have been deeply based on realities. It is hardly necessary, however, to say anything in vindication of those nervous and admirable productions. They mark an epoch in English literature. Considered altogether apart from their high character as an assertion of the dignity and equality of woman with man—as a presentation of the one sex not as the appendage but as the equal of the other—they have a great and true intellectual merit. No works ever written by a Saxon woman, approach them in direct, Shakspearean insight to the essence and motive springs of character. And apart from their metaphysical power, they have a picturesqueness, an individuality, an imaginative and elevated tone, a faculty of investing the commonest incidents with strange and fiery lights of significance and revelation, a wealth of sharp, bold and contrasted characterization, and a command of vigorous and suggestive language, which it would be difficult to find in any female prose writer of the day. They have been called coarse. But the male and female prudes that fix that epithet on them, would have fixed it on Dante or Shakspeare. They are no coarser than life and nature, which the greatest minds accept freely and reverently, and which only ninnies have the effrontery and the folly to call common and unclean.

We commend this memoir to our readers. It is the life of a woman of genius, written by another woman of genius, and we can think of no person who could so well have told the strange and mournful story of Charlotte Bronte's life of unflinching struggle, and brave self-sacrifice, as the author of "Ruth" and "Mary Barton." The sad tale of that silent grapple with harsh and stern realities—a hopeless contest, but sustained to the last with courage and honor, is told with a gentle and quiet earnestness that touches the heart. Nothing could be sadder, and yet the sadness has in it an element of consolation. Life seems better worth living—truer, gentler, more august and noble—when thought of over the closed leaves of a work that reminds us of Charlotte Bronte's grave.

THE NORSE-FOLK; Or, A Visit to the Homes of Norway and Sweden. By CHARLES LORING BRACE C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

An admirable and interesting work, the flower of a thoughtful, candid, and cultivated mind.—Pictures of the pastoral life of Norway and Sweden, accounts of the social state of the cities, clear and bold sketches of picturesque persons, romantic glimpses at the history of the North, accounts of its superstitions, its poetry, and its legends, and observations on the life, manners, habits, and character of the people, make up the varied, simple, and lucid narrative. For its calm candor, its translucency of narration, and its genial and intelligent spirit, the book is a model to tourists. Nothing concerning the Northmen can be void of interest to Americans. Their blood is in our veins, and their vital enterprise was the fountain of our own. The toiling energy and adventurousness of the Anglo-Saxon owe largely to the admixture of the Norse blood received in the old days when the race of the Vikings found footing on the British shores.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WASHINGTON IRVING. G. P. Putnam & Co., New York. For sale by W. B Zieber, Philadelphia.

This is the fourth volume of Irving's life of Washington. It takes up the story with the sufferings of the patriot army at Morristown in 1780, and closes with Washington's inauguration as President in 1789. The work thus far, comprehends the hero's military career, and is, therefore, in a certain sense, complete. Mr. Irving, however, gives us reason to hope for another volume, treating of Washington's presidential and closing years. No man can better illumine and adorn the subject than the master of Sunnyside, and we hope he may live to carry it to its conclusion.

AN AMERICAN MERCHANT IN EUROPE, ASIA AND AUSTRALIA. By GEO FRANCIS TRAIN C P Putnam, New York. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

Mr. Freeman Hunt, the editor of the Merchant's Magazine, who has done a good work by leading merchants to other literature than the ledger or the daily paper contains, puts his imprimatur upon this work in the introduction which preludes it. It is a book of letters written by a young Boston merchant, while abroad at Java, China, India, Egypt, the Crimea, Australia, and other places. Its statistical and business knowledge, and commercial details, render it peculiarly interesting to mercantile men, while it offers to the general reader a lively, graphic narrative of the circumstances of travel, and keen, wide awake, saucy, sprightly, and jocund observations on scenes and things in the various places visited by the author. It is not, of course, profound; it is frequently pert and flippant; its principles and preferences are often extremely questionable; it is very Anglo-Saxon-y; its best parts are those which relate to commercial matters; but it is terse, direct, profuse in facts, and treats of common topics with much sound sense and spirit.

THE NOVELS OF CAPTAIN MARRYATT. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Messrs. Derby & Jackson are now giving us the first complete American edition of these celebrated nautical novels, whose peculiar merits as graphic delineations of sea-life, overflowing with quaint and jovial humor, abounding with queer, grotesque, comic, and forcible individualizations of character, and with a rapid succession of lively and striking incident, have been long known to the readers of books everywhere. We have already "Peter Simple" and "Jacob Faithful,"—none the less readable and amusing, of course, for being printed in large, clear type, on stout, white paper, or for being handsomely bound, and embellished with steel engravings. It is the only good edition of Marryatt that has been published in this country, and ought to be received with favor. The entire works will be comprised in twelve volumes.

ILLINOIS AS IT IS. By FRED. GERHARD. Keen & Lee, Chicago. For sale by Charles Desilver, Philadelphia.

A minute and circumstantial local history. It contains a great mass of varied information on all topics connected with the great State of Illinois.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF SLAVERY. By George D. Armstrong, D. D. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by Parry & McMillan, Philada.

ILLUSTRATED SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES and the Adjacent Parts of America, From the Earliest Discoveries to the Present Time. By G. P. Quackenboss, A. M. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

EXPERIENCE IN HYGEOPATHY.

I have been troubled many years with an erysipelas, fiery-red sore nose, caused by an over-exertion in running in hot weather, in connection with previous violation of most of the physical laws. To effect a cure, which has been complete, I tried, during the course of many years, most all kinds of medicine with no permanent benefit. At last I resolved to try the Hygienic plan. I concluded that as it was caused by violation of physical law, if curable at all, it could be cured by discontinuing such violation. So at once I discontinued the use of all kinds of stimulus in food and drink, except a little salt; all kinds of sweets and oils, excepting a small quantity of butter, and lived on cold, unleavened, unbolted meal bread or pudding of the different grains, with a little new, pure milk, and sometimes fruit; used as small a quantity of food as I could and satisfy my hunger—washed in cool water from head to foot every morning in a cold room—slept on a wire bed, with my bed-room window lowered one inch at top and raised one at bottom—took plenty of exercise, and in four months a complete cure was effected. That four months' experience was worth thousands of dollars to me. It led me to think. It taught me lessons which probably I otherwise would never have learned. It destroyed a troublesome disease, after which a few months more of perfect temperance and carefulness elapsed, and I was a new man. I then thought and felt as I had never thought and felt before.

I had enjoyed what was called health, but never knew what was perfect health till then. I have before been strong, lively and happy, but never before knew that life could be made such a constant stream of bliss as mine now is. My companion and myself with our children, now live, while at home, on three meals per day of unleavened, unbolted meal bread and fruit alone. We live with perfect health in perfect harmony. Both of us possess strong animal natures, yet we walk in wisdom's ways. This course of living has become a habit with us, which now no counteracting habits oppose. Our joy is not impulsive; it flows in one full and steady stream, excepting so far as the laws of nature demand otherwise. This steady stream includes all the impulsive man ever gets, and compound interest of that besides. Impulsive pleasures generally, or the pleasures of intemperance, detract much more than their own weight from this steady stream.

☞ HOGARTH'S OPINION OF GENIUS.—"I know of no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper; "genius is nothing but labor and diligence."

☞ As sins proceed, they ever multiply; and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.—*Sir Thos. Browne.*

☞ A HOME THRUST.—A pedagogue, provoked at the dullness of a pupil, instead of coaxing him along, boxed his ears, and demanded of him how long a man could live without brains. The boy meekly replied, "I don't know; how long have you lived yourself, sir?"

☞ A REASONABLE INQUIRY.—"Isn't the world older than it used to be?" said a young hopeful to his senior. "Yes, my son." "Then what do folks mean by old times?"

☞ And though we hope for a better life, eternal happiness, after these painful and miserable days, yet we cannot compose ourselves willingly to die; the remembrance of it is most grievous unto us, especially to such who are fortunate and rich; they start at the name of death, as a horse at a rotten post.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

☞ Many women are beloved without knowing it, but more women think they are beloved when they are not. They generally discover their mistake after marriage.

☞ As wit is too hard for power in council, so power is too hard for wit in action.—*Wycherly.*

☞ Nature makes us poor only when we want necessaries, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities."

A BATH AT DAMASCUS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Scarcely had I entered the establishment, when two strong men belonging to the bath laid hold of me, and in an instant I was stripped to the skin. One of them then passed a linen shawl around my waist, while the other fastened on my feet a pair of gigantic pattens, which at once made me a foot taller. This mode of shoeing not only rendered flight impossible, but, by its clumsy elevation, destroyed my equilibrium; and I should inevitably have fallen, had not the two men supported me on either side. I was fairly caught. We passed into another room; here the vapor and heat stifled me. I thought that my guides had mistaken the way and got into an oven. I tried to shake them off, but my resistance was anticipated. In a few moments I was astonished at perceiving that, as the perspiration poured from me, my lungs began to dilate, and my respiration returned. In this state I passed through five or six rooms, the heat of which increased so much, that I began to believe that man had for five thousand years mistaken his proper element, and that his appropriate destiny was boiling or roasting.

At last we came to the stove room. There the fog was so dense, that I could not see two steps before me; and the heat so entirely insupportable, that I partly fainted. I shut my eyes, and resigned myself to my guides. After leading, or rather carrying me, a few steps further, they took off my girdle, unhooked my pattens, and extended me, half-swooning, on something like a marble table in the middle of the apartment. Here, again, I soon became accustomed to the infernal atmosphere. With my other senses, my sight revived; and, despite the fog, I made out with tolerable accuracy the surrounding objects. My tormentors seemed to have forgotten me for a moment; they were busy at one side of the room. I lay in the centre of a large square saloon, encrusted, to the height of five or six feet, with variously colored marbles; a series of spouts threw out incessantly streams of steaming water, which, falling on the pavement beneath, glided thence into four basins, like cauldrons, at the four corners of the room. On the surface of the water in these basins, was an indefinite number of bald heads bobbing about, and expressing, by the most grotesque contortions of face, various degrees of felicity. This spectacle so occupied my attention, that I scarcely heeded the return of my masters. They came, however—one with a large wooden bowl of soapsuds, the other with a ball of fine flax. Suddenly one of the rascals inundated my face and neck with his suds; and the other, seizing me by the shoulder, rubbed most furiously my face and breast with his flax. This treatment, and the pain induced by it, were so perfectly intolerable, that all my powers of resistance and resentment waked at once. I bolted upright, kicked my flaxen friend half across the room, and planted my fist in the face of soapsuds with such good-will, that he lay sprawling on the floor. Then, knowing of no other remedy for the soap (which was blistering my skin), I boldly plunged into the larger basin. I had misjudged; the remedy was worse than the disease. Before, my face and neck were cauterized, now, my whole body was scalded; the water was boiling! I yelled with pain; sprang on and over my neighbors, who could not comprehend my case; and got out of the tub *almost* as rapidly as I got in. However, I was not rapid enough to escape the effect of the ablution; my body was as red as a lobster. I was stupified! I must be dreaming, or riding a night-mare! Yet there was no deception. Here, under my very eyes, were men stewing in a broth of which I had *tried* the temperature, who evidently took great delight in the operation. What could it mean? My notions of pleasure and pain became confused; they could *enjoy* what to me was *agony!* I once more resolved to resign myself to fate. I doubted my own judgment. I distrusted my own senses. I determined, again, to submit to my tormentors. They came, having recovered from my assault. I followed them without resistance to another basin. They made signs to me to descend the steps. I obeyed.

From this I passed to another of a higher temperature, but still supportable. I remained in it, as in the first about three minutes. I then proceeded to the third, which was still some ten or twelve degrees hotter; and, finally, reached the fourth where I had commenced my dread apprenticeship. I approached it with the greatest repugnance, but I had made up my mind to go through with my desperate adventure. I first dipped my toe in the water. It was hot, certainly; but not so scalding as before. I gradually immersed my whole body, and was surprised to find it endurable.

My attendants now again took me in hand. They replaced the linen around my waist, bound a shawl on my head, and led me back through the rooms by which I had entered (taking care to add to my covering at each change of atmosphere) until I arrived at the chamber where I was so unceremoniously stripped. Here I found a good carpet and pillow. My turban and girdle were taken off; I was enveloped in a large woollen gown, laid down like an infant, and left alone. I had now an undefinable feeling of comfort. I was perfectly happy; yet, so exhausted, that when the door was opened, half-an-hour after, I had not changed my position by the movement of a finger or a muscle. The new-comer was a sinewy and well-set Arab. He approached my couch as if he had some business with me. I looked on him with a sort of dread very natural to a man who had passed such an ordeal as I have described; but I was too weak to attempt to rise. He took my left hand; cracked all its joints, and did the same to the right. After my hands, he administered upon my feet and knees; and, to finish the matter, he dexterously threw me into the position of a pigeon-to-be-boiled, and gave me the *coup de grace* by cracking the vertebræ of my spine. I screamed with terror, thinking my backbone was broken, to a certainty. My *masseur* then kneaded my arms, legs, and thighs for a quarter of an hour, and left me. I was weaker than ever; my joints all pained me, and I had not strength sufficient to cover myself with the carpet. A servant now brought me coffee, pastilles, and a pipe; and left me to intoxicate myself with perfume and tobacco. I passed half-an-hour in a drowsy state, lost in the vagaries of a delicious inebriation, experiencing a feeling of happiness before unknown, and entertaining a supreme indifference to every (absent) earthly thing. I was awakened from this by a barber, who shaved me, and combed my whiskers and moustaches. Next, my Arab returned, to whom I made signs that I wished to depart. He brought my clothes, assisted me in my toilet, and led me to the chamber opening on the vestibule, where I found my cloak. The cost of this entertainment, which lasted three hours, was a piastre, or five francs of our money.

RUTH.

I.

In the land of Bethlehem Judah,
Let us linger, let us wander:
Ephrath's sorrow, Rachel's pillar,
Lieth in the valley yonder;
And the yellow barley harvest
Floods it with a golden glory;
Let us back into the old time
Dreaming of her tender story,
Of her heart's true strong devotion,
From beyond the Dead Sea water,
From the heathen land of Moab—
Mahlon's wife and Mara's daughter.

II.

On the terebinth and fig-tree
Suns of olden time are shining,
And the dark leaf of the olive
Scarcely shows its silver lining;
For still noon is on the thicket,
Where the blue-necked pigeons listen
To their own reproachful music;
And the red pomegranates glisten.
As a queen a golden circlet,
As a maid might wear a blossom,
So the valley wears the cornfields
Heaving on her fertile bosom;
And the wild gray hills stand o'er them,
All their terraced vineyards swelling
Like the green waves of a forest,
Up to David's mountain-dwelling.

III.

Lo! the princely-hearted Boaz
Moves along his reapers slowly;
And the widowed child of Moab,
Bends behind the gleaners lowly,
Gathering, gleaning as she goeth
Down the slopes and up the hollows,
While the love of old Naomi
Like a guardian angel follows.
And he speaketh words of kindness,
Words of kindness, calm and stately,
Till he breaks the springs of gladness
That lay cold and frozen lately;
And the love-flowers that had faded
Deep within her bosom lonely,
Slowly open as he questions
Soon for him to blossom only—
When that spring shall fill with music,
Like an overflowing river,
All his homestead; and those flowers
Bloom beside his hearth forever.
Mother of a line of princes,
Wrought into that race's story,
Whom the Godhead breaking earthward
Marked with an unearthly glory!

IV.

Still he walks among the reapers,
And the day is nearly over,
And the lonely mountain partridge
Seeks afar his scanty cover;
And the flocks of wild blue pigeons,
That had gleaned behind the gleaner,
Find their shelter in the thicket;
And the cloudless sky grows sheener
With a sudden flush of crimson,
Steeping in a fiery lustre
Every sheaf top in the valley,
On the hillside every cluster

V.

Slowly, slowly fade, fair picture,
Yellow lights and purple shadows,
On the valley, on the mountain,
And sweet Ruth among the meadows!
Stay awhile, true heart, and teach us,
Pausing in thy matron beauty,
Care of elders, love of kindred,
All unselfish thought and duty.
Linger, Boaz, noble minded!
Teach us—haughty and unsparing—
Tender care for lowlier station,
Kindly speech and courteous bearing.
Still each softest, loveliest color
Shrine the form beloved and loving,
Heroine of our heart's first poem,
Through our childhood's dreamland moving,
When the great old Bible opened,
And a pleasant pastoral measure,
As our mothers read the story,
Filled our infant hearts with pleasure.

—*Dublin University Magazine*

YOUNG GENIUS.

Mr. Disraeli has, in his *Coningsby*, this striking passage:—"Genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at twenty-five! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern time: had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plains of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains—that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died. Baner himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortez was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive; but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not. I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III. the greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and, Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his craft Ferdinand de Aragon himself. He was Pope as Leo X. at thirty-seven. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage, and wrote the Spiritual Exercises. Pascal (the greatest of Frenchmen) wrote a great work at sixteen, and died at thirty-seven. Ah, that fatal thirty-seven! which reminds me of Byron—greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died at thirty-seven. Richelieu was Secretary of State at thirty-one. Well, then there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave off cricket. Grotius was in practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was General of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonised America before he was thirty-seven. What a career! the secret sway of Europe! That was indeed a position! But it is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth."

INSTABILITY OF THE EARTH.—Not far from Naples, near Puzzuoli, there are parts of the ancient temple of the Egyptian god Serapis still standing; three beautiful columns especially speak of its former splendor. At a considerable height they present the curious sight of being worm eaten; and recent careful researches leave no doubt that the waters of the Mediterranean once covered them so high as to bring these their upper parts within reach of the sea worms. Since then the land has risen high; but, stranger still, they are, by a mysterious force, once more to be submerged. Already, the floor of the temple is again covered with water, and a century hence new generations of molluscæ may dwell in the same abandoned homes of their fathers, which are now beyond the reach of the highest waves.

THE FOUR BROTHERS MEETING THE GREEN HUNTSMAN.

THE GREEN HUNTSMAN.

FROM THE DALECARLIAN CONJUROR'S DAY-BOOK,

BY MADAME DE CHATELAIN.

A brave old knight, who had four grown-up sons, and but a very small patrimony to bequeath to them, thus addressed the young men, as he lay on his death-bed:—"My sons, I have but little to leave you besides an honorable name, which I trust you will transmit unspotted to your children; but in place of more substantial worldly goods, I can at least tell you a secret by which you may enrich yourselves."

His four sons looked surprised, and evidently thought their father's wits were wandering.

"I guess what you're thinking," resumed the old knight; "you are wondering why, if I am possessed of such knowledge, I never turned it to account for my own profit. But, sons, my prime of life was spent in warfare, and I had no time to tempt adventures; and later, I grew indifferent to riches as far as regards myself; but you, my children, who have a long life before you, you may go and seek the treasure I allude to. First of all, however, promise me you will share it equally between you, as brothers should, whatever be its amount."

The eldest son made rather a wry face at this, as he considered himself entitled to the whole; still, as promises cost nothing, and as he knew his father would be capable of dying with his secret in his bosom if he refused to do as he required; and as, after all, a quarter of a treasure is better than none at all, he swore to follow the old knight's injunctions. The three younger brothers took the same engagement without a moment's hesitation.

"Well, then," resumed the father, "there is a forest three days' journey hence, where a treasure is said to have lain buried for centuries beneath a tree. This tree, an aged oak, stands in the heart of the forest, and to reach it, you must thread your way through an avenue of heavy juniper trees, where the woodman's axe has never resounded. This will guide you to the spot; and as for the oak itself, you will recognize it by this peculiarity, that all its branches are withered, except one. You must choose the moment when the moon is at the full, as it is to-night, and at the spot where your horse's hoofs will strike the ground as you approach the right tree, there may you begin to dig."

Eric (that was the eldest son) looked wistfully towards the window, as though he would fain have set off at once for the wood; when his father, as if guessing his thoughts, added:

"One thing more, my children, is necessary, or else the charm will fail—" Here the old man's voice grew weaker, and seemed doubtful whether he would be able to say his say before death overtook him. Then, making an effort, and looking affectionately at Harold, his youngest son, and the only one whose eyes were moistened with tears, and in whom a sense of duty rose above all covetous desire for wealth, he continued, "Unless you approach the tree with a heart pure from sin, you will risk—" But here the King of Terrors interrupted the worthy knight, cutting short the thread of his life and speech at one and the same moment, and the close of the sentence was lost in the death-rattle.

Scarcely was the good old knight buried, than Eric bethought him he would hasten away to the wood, which he hoped to reach while the moon was still in the full, before any of his brothers got wind of his intention. So he rose in the middle of the night and saddled his horse, and concealing a trowel under his mantle, rode off in the direction of the wood, to secure the treasure for himself alone. He had, however, reckoned without his host. His second brother, Baldwin, who was equally rapacious with himself, had hit upon the same expedient for outwitting the others; and having provided himself with a mattock, presently overtook him on the road. The recognition was not agreeable to either; still, as there was no help for it, the brothers agreed they would divide the treasure among their two selves, after they had dug it up and carried it to a place of safety, where the others would not be able to find it.

They had not long agreed upon these terms, when they heard a horse galloping behind them; and, after a pretty sharp chase, were joined by Guy, the third brother, who, spade in hand, was busied on the same errand. The three brothers smiled grimly when they recognized the congeniality of the inward workings of their minds, and now agreed, since it must be so, to divide the treasure into three parts, and to frustrate their youngest brother of his share.

Meanwhile, the neighing of Guy's horse had woke Harold out of his sleep, and, on looking out of the window, he caught sight of his brother's mantle fluttering in the wind, as he galloped away in the direction of the wood. Thinking it strange he had left the house thus secretly, he ran to wake his brothers and apprize them of what was taking place, when he found their rooms empty; and, looking into the stable, discovered their three horses had likewise disappeared. Suspecting that they intended playing him some trick, Harold forthwith saddled his nag and rode after them.

It was some time before he reached them—they having so much the start of him—and even then he preferred keeping them in sight, and following at a distance, to joining them at once. But his brothers heard the tramping of his nag; and feeling convinced he was coming to claim his share of the treasure, Eric said to the others, "We are three against one—why should we divide into four that which we can keep for us three?"

His brothers understood him but too well, and at once acquiesced; and the three wicked wretches agreed to slay Harold in the wood, and thus appropriate the treasure, which they had sworn to their father to divide in equal shares between them. Accordingly they slackened their speed, so that Harold was obliged to come up with them; when they acknowledged the errand they were on, and spoke so fair, that he entertained not a suspicion of their perfidious design. The brothers remarked, with some satisfaction, that Harold had not provided himself with any implements for digging; nor had he even, in his hurry, taken any weapon of defence with him.

At last they reached the forest, and after rambling about a good deal, they finished by recognizing the avenue of juniper trees their father had mentioned, where they left their implements, in order to ride on the faster, lest the moon's face should be veiled by some large clouds that had been flitting about, before they had ascertained the exact spot where they were to dig. As soon as this was done, they would return to fetch them, leaving Harold to watch by the tree, as, having no tools with him, there was no fear of his anticipating them, and carrying off the treasure.

Just as they had penetrated into the very heart of the wood, and had descried the withered oak with the one green bough, Eric, who rode foremost, stood face to face with what appeared a huntsman, clad in green, who took hold of his bridle, as if to impede his farther progress, saying, "Lordling, will you do an hour's work, to help a poor weir-led soul out of this wilderness?"

Eric shook him off impatiently; concluding him to be either a beggar or an outlaw, especially as he was accompanied by other foresters, who were lurking behind him. Just then his horse neighed, and pawed the ground violently; when Eric, feeling convinced he had reached the right spot, and exasperated at the presence of these men, which threatened to impede his grasping at the treasure, uttered an oath and a curse—and bidding the huntsman go to the devil, replied that he was not born to do the work of any man.

"Then ride on, Sir Eric, and do the fiend's work instead," muttered the huntsman.

Eric's horse reared and plunged, and at once set off into a mad gallop. But his brothers thinking the horse had been only startled by the stranger, and would soon be mastered by his rider, and return, kept their post by the side of the tree; when the green huntsman approached, in turn, Baldwin, who rode next in the narrow pathway, repeating the same demand on his services, in the same words.

Baldwin, no less fiery in temper than his elder brother, shook him off quite as roughly, both in word and deed; when the huntsman bid him ride on, varying the formula only by substituting the name of Sir Baldwin for that of the elder brother.

"How the deuce does he know my name?" thought Baldwin, as his steed pranced off with a degree of fleetness that took away his breath.

It was now Guy's turn. "Be wiser than they, lordling," said the Green Huntsman, grasping his bridle, "and do an hour's work—"

"Silence, clown!" thundered Guy; "or I'll trample you under my horse's hoofs."

"Ride on, Sir Guy," rejoined the huntsman; "and ride till you are tired."

And by the pace at which the horse set off, that seemed likely to come to pass before long.

The Green Huntsman now approached Harold's nag, and made the same request.

"Why not?" said Harold, "provided it be nothing that a Christian should not do."

"Then help us," said the Green Huntsman, "to find the bow and arrow and hunting-horn which King Arthur—God save his soul!—lost in this forest. Alas! we have spent years in this vain search, and few are the passers-by to whom we can appeal for assistance; and of those few not one has ever been able to succeed."

Harold now remembered the legends he had heard in his childhood about King Arthur's retainers wandering about in forests in expiation of sins committed during their lives; yet having no fear of spirits, unarmed though he was, he simply replied,

"In Our Lady's name, I'll try."

And forthwith he began searching in the thicket, followed by the Green Huntsman, and all his retainers; and presently he spied the golden hunting-horn, gleaming amidst a tuft of grass; then, a little farther on, he picked up the bow; and then, after riding a considerable distance, the arrow—both being likewise of gold—but all of which only became visible to the foresters when in Harold's hands.

"Now blow the horn, Sir Harold!" said the Green Huntsman.

Harold put the horn to his mouth and blew a loud blast. And immediately a white fawn, with a gold collar round its neck, came leaping through the brushwood; and then stood still, eyeing Harold at the distance of about twenty paces.

"Kill the fawn, Sir Harold!" cried the huntsman.

"Nay," said the young man; "why should I slay the poor, tame creature? Let me slay wild boars or wolves, and not such harmless beasts."

"In mercy to me," cried the huntsman, kneeling at his feet, with all his retainers, "complete your work, and kill the fawn, or we shall never be released!"

Then Harold let fly the arrow from the bow, while he turned away his head, feeling reluctant to wound the gentle animal.

By the time he looked round again, the fawn had disappeared, and a beautiful maiden, dressed in white, and wearing a gold necklace, stood before him, and thanked him for having released her; but he looked in vain for the Green Huntsman and the foresters—they had disappeared.

In reply to Harold's look of surprise and inquiry, the fair stranger told him that it was in punishment for the huntsman's having formerly, when a warrior, seized upon her father's castle and murdered all the inmates except herself, who had escaped into the woods, that the shades of himself and followers were doomed to wander about, eternally chasing, though never catching her, under the form of a white fawn, which she had been fated to assume. Their arrows harmed her not, yet still they continued their shadowy chase, and were condemned to do so till some one, free from mortal sin, could find King Arthur's bow and arrow, and summon her, with his hunting-horn, to receive the wound that was to set her free.

She then led the delighted Harold to her former castle, buried among the trees that had grown wild around it, and explained that her domain extended from the place where the bow had been found to that which King Arthur had shot his arrow, when he first bestowed the lands on her father; adding, with a bewitching smile, that the lands and the castle, and her heart and hand, were destined to belong to her deliverer.

And what became of the three guilty brothers? Alas! do what they would, they never could rein in their horses any more, who kept everlastingly going the same weary round, and always bringing them back to the withered oak, and pawing and neighing, but never giving them time to stop and dig for the wished for treasure. And as they had started one after the other, so they each performed this horse-in-mill sort of penance separately, and never met. And there they will gallop round and round in expiation of their intended crime, till the gates of mercy are opened to them. Nor did Harold ever learn what became of them, for though he sought for them all over the world, they were no longer visible, having entered into the world of shadows, or departed spirits; and as the once withered oak resumed its green leaves, there was nothing left to indicate that one tree as being different from the others.

So the treasure was never found; but some of the learned in legendary matters say that the treasure was not meant to signify gold and silver buried in the earth, but the better treasure of a good conscience, which he who brought it with him was sure to find at the foot of the tree; or perhaps the good action which he was able to do by releasing the souls who were doomed to do penance, and which ultimately led him to happiness, typified by the damsel who, under the disguise of the fawn, was a living remorse, which the foresters were constantly descrying wherever they roamed, and which they could never kill. But, any way, Harold had no cause to regret his journey to the wood.

MY POOR OLD NURSE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

You'll call me when you're going,
I'll not be long away;
Across the field, beyond the stile,
I don't intend to stay!
'Tis close upon the cottage
That you and I have seen,
My poor old Nurse will fret so,
And wonder I've not been:
My poor old Nurse!

Call loud, and I shall hear you,
'Tis right below the stile;
I need not be a moment,
If you'll but wait the while:
I've only just to ask her
About her health,—and then
Before the minute finger,
I'll hurry round again:
My poor old Nurse!

There was waiting in the village,
And in the meadow near;
And calling by the upland stile
For one that would not hear!
But on a morning early,
Ere many days had run,
That young and beauteous maiden
Had wed the Nurse's son:
My poor old Nurse's son!

HISTORICAL DIFFERENCES.—To be entirely just in our estimate of other ages is not difficult—it is impossible. Even what is passing in our presence we see but through a glass darkly. The mind, as well as the eye, adds something of its own, but an image, even of the clearest object, can be painted upon it. And in historical inquiries, the most instructed thinkers have but a limited advantage over the most illiterate. Those who know the most approach least to agreement. The most careful investigations are diverging roads; the further men travel upon them, the greater the interval by which they are divided. In the eyes of David Hume, the history of the Saxon princes is "the scuffling of kites and crows." Father Newman would mortify the conceit of a degenerate England by pointing to the sixty saints and the hundred confessors who were trained in her royal palaces for the Calendar of the Blessed. How vast a chasm yawns between these two conceptions of the same era! Through what common term can the student pass from one into the other? Or, take an instance yet more noticeable. The history of England scarcely interests Mr. Macaulay before the Revolution of the seventeenth century. To Lord John Russell, the Reformation was the first outcome from centuries of folly and ferocity; and Mr. Hallam's more temperate language softens, without concealing, a similar conclusion. These writers have all studied what they describe. Mr. Carlyle has studied the same subject with power at least equal to theirs, and to him the greatness of English character was waning with the dawn of English literature; the race of heroes was already failing. The era of action was yielding before the era of speech.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE KISS CONSIDERED AS AN ELEVATOR.—In a German tale, published some time since, is a description of "The First Kiss" in the following sensation style:—

"'Am I really dear to you, Sophia?' I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say *yes*; she did not say *no*; but she returned my kiss, *and the earth went from under my feet*; my soul was no longer in the body; I touched the stars; I knew the happiness of the seraphim!"

☞ The most sublime virtue is negative; it teaches us to do evil to no one.

THE COURSE OF "JUSTICE" IN PERSIA.

In civilized countries, a man is usually considered innocent, till proved to be guilty; but in Persia, on the contrary, an accused party is always presumed to be guilty (especially if inferior in rank and wealth to his accuser) unless by some accident his innocence should appear; and even then, his release is very uncertain. In most other Mahomedan countries, there is some little show of equity and right kept up, in these proceedings, however easily the scales of justice may be weighed down with gold; witnesses are examined, and the Koran is appealed to as a rule; here, however, these useless solemnities are entirely dispensed with. Feeroos Mirza never summons or hears a single witness on either side. Should the accused party deny the charge, he is usually beaten unmercifully until he declares himself guilty, and then punished accordingly. It seldom happens that a person of rank or wealth is accused by any one of lower grade, unless in certain serious cases; and then he can generally avoid punishment, by privately paying a douceur to the prince. The power which all persons in authority possess, is very great, and often most iniquitously employed. Not long ago, the *kedkhoda* of the village in the Germseer had quarrelled with a number of the villagers, and being desirous of wreaking vengeance upon them, he wrote to the prince reporting these poor men to be robbers. The prince thereupon ordered that they should all be apprehended and forwarded to Sheeraus; and upon their arrival, without making the least inquiry into the subject of the report, and without giving them any opportunity of justifying themselves, or of saying a single word in their defence, he ordered that every one should have his right hand and left foot cut off. In vain did the miserable men protest their innocence, for I am assured that they were all perfectly guiltless of the charge alleged against them. They were reported by the head man of their village to be robbers—this was enough for the prince—and the sentence of punishment was carried into execution without delay. A very few days ago, another specimen of justice emanated from the prince's tribunal, which I may be permitted to record. A murder was committed one night, at a drinking bout, where a villain of a *lootee* was stabbed by another of the party, and killed on the spot. The homicide, a good looking boy of sixteen or seventeen, was, by the prince's command, taken into the Meidani Nakkara-khoneh next morning, where his stomach was ripped open by the executioner, and his head afterwards cut off. I could not but consider him hardly dealt with; for although he had no right to resent an insult, [which was of a description that cannot be alluded to,] so promptly and severely, yet the lootee so richly merited his fate, that a lighter penalty would have sufficed to expiate such justifiable chance-medley. When the boy was brought before Feeroos Mirza, he at once confessed the deed, and was about to relate the circumstances; but the prince, without listening to another word, ordered him to be taken and put to death immediately. When I observed to a Persian acquaintance that I thought the sentence a hard one, he replied coolly, that if the prince had listened to the whole story, he would probably have let the homicide off scot-free; but when he heard the youth boldly avouch the deed he "was pleased to be enraged," and the lad's destiny was unpropitious—a consolatory reflection, ever uppermost in a Moslem's mind when any misfortune has happened.—*Binning's Two Years in Persia.*

ANECDOTE OF HORACE VERNET, THE GREAT PAINTER.

With the soldiers Horace Vernet is an immense favorite. To appreciate the large-heartedness of his nature, we should follow him into Algiers, where, among the gallant troopers and their noble horses, he is "at home" in the fullest sense. Under the tents, or on the long desert marches, he shares the common fare, the sports, and the privations of the soldiery.—To carry his color-box is deemed an honor; the unfortunate soldier would sooner die by the Arab scimetars than surrender it. The following amusing anecdote gives a glimpse at those qualities which endear him so warmly to these hardy men:

Several years ago, it was the luck of a raw recruit to be placed in a regiment of cuirassiers stationed at Versailles. He was six feet high, thick and heavy in proportion, good-natured and extremely dull, and of course was the butt of the whole corps. One morning, after the call, the poor fellow, in a moment of weakness, confided a love secret to a comrade, who instantly spread the news, and the conscript hardly knew which way to turn to escape their jeers and not over delicate wit. One only, an old soldier with immense gray moustache, seemed to disapprove the sport, and approaching the great clumsy fellow, said, gravely and kindly:

"Give us your hand, my lad; I am sorry they make such fun of you, and here's something to show my good feeling. Take these ten cents and get your portrait in full uniform for your beloved."

"With all my heart!" exclaimed the conscript, blushing with pleasured expectation. "But where shall I go?"

"I'll direct you. Go to Monsieur Horace Vernet, in Orange street. Take off your cap, put the ten cents in his hand, and say that, as you pay in advance, he must paint your portrait without delay."

The cuirassier, without the slightest suspicion of the joke, brushed up his boots, adjusted his uniform, and throwing a hasty but satisfied look into the bit of broken glass that did service as a mirror, sallied forth in search of the painter. He entered the studio with a patron's air; but the artist, seeing him from the high scaffold on which he stood at work, took him for a model from the garrison, and paid no attention. This did not suit the impatience of the cuirassier.

"Hallo, there!" he shouted, "monsieur painter, are you Horace Vernet?"

"Yes, my friend; what can I do for you?"

"I want a portrait of myself for Theresa, and they tell me at the barracks that you will do it at once if I pay in advance. Here are ten cents."

"I don't know Theresa," answered the painter, with a good-natured smile; "but would like to stand well in her favor, and will paint your portrait. Let's see; give me your ten cents. Now down—there, that will do. Now look at me without moving."

The cuirassier obeyed, and in about half-an-hour had the delight of seeing a striking sketch of his own boarded phiz. Horace Vernet signed it, and giving it to the soldier with a box of cigars bade him take the sketch to his comrades and hear their opinion of it. It proved a decided damper for their jokes, and rather disarranged the reception they had prepared to give him.

TO THE STEAMER NIAGARA,
Carrying the Submarine Telegraph.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER

Speed on! speed on! before the wind,
Thou conqueror of the sea!
Leave earth, a "dim, mean speck," behind—
Speed on, in far mid-ocean find
What England brings to thee.

Go link, with bright electric bands,
The Old World with the New;
Like clasping of two friendly hands,
From distant shores of foreign lands,
Across the waters blue.

With fiery breath and beating heart,
Press on, with giant might.
On, through the deep! its billows part,
Through which thine arrowy keel shall dart,
Swift as the sea-gull's flight.

Away! thou empress of the sea,
The white waves trample down!
A noble trust we give to thee—
The hopes of ages yet to be—
Away! and win thy crown.

Niagara wears her rainbow bright,
Wear thou the stripe and star;
Fling proudly forth, 'mid sails of white,
In characters of living light,
Thy message from afar.

Down in the stormy ocean deep,
The wizard coils shall lie;
Where thought from link to link shall leap,
O'er sands where loved and lost ones sleep,
Afar from human eye.

Far stretching through the mists of Time
Thy mission shall be told,
In silver symphonies sublime,
On History's page, in poet's rhyme,
To live when "earth grows old."

Speed on, thou messenger of mind,
Along thy foaming track;
The electric links in union bind,
And bring to hearts thou leavest behind,
A glorious message back!

THOMAS PARR, 153 YEARS OLD;
OR,
LONG LIFE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

On the twenty-second of August, 1485, a poor woman having started from the town of Leicester on the previous day, was pursuing her journey on foot, with a little boy of some two or three years of age strapped on her back, and a small bundle in a handkerchief in her hand. As they proceeded they were incommoded by the rapid marching of numerous bodies of men, all armed, and intent on some great business. In answer to her questions, a soldier would sometimes tell her to move on and hold her tongue; but once or twice a more civil respondent informed her there was a great fight toward, and that the pretender Richmond was marching to London, and King Richard was leading them to meet the invader. The woman had never heard either of Richard or Richmond—there having been no political penny newspapers in those days—and went on without fear. When she came to a large and open field, she saw the armies drawn up in hostile array; and, being afraid to force her way through, and too tired to take the necessary roundabout, she was fain to rest herself under a thorn-bush at one side of the plain. Putting her little son upon his legs, and telling him not to move from her side, she watched the proceedings of the forces before her, without being able to imagine what they were doing, or what it was all about. At the end of a tremendous crowding and yelling, and shoving and hurraing, she saw a man very hot and tired throw something, she could not tell what, upon the thick-leaved bush under which she lay, and gallop off with all speed.

"Tommy," she said to the child, "what's that the gentleman flings among the branches?"

"Odds bodikins," babbled the child, "it's the fine hat o' St. Thomas from our church at home."

"Can thee reach it, Tommy, dear?"

"Ees, if thee'll howld I up to't."

The woman cautiously rose, and raising the boy in her arms, was in the act of holding him forward to be able to grasp the saint's hat, when a great bevy of horsemen rode up. One leapt on his steed, impetuously dashed at the bush, spetting the poor woman and her boy, and seized the glittering prize.

"The English crown, by'r ladye!" he said; and, kneeling as on one knee, offered it to a pale saturnine looking gentleman, who had dismounted from his horse.

The gentleman, however, smiled and said, "You know the place that fits it, Lord Stanley!" and bent his head as he spoke.

Lord Stanley put it over the auburn locks of the cavalier, and immediately a great cry arose all over the field: "God save King Henry! God save the King!"

The woman, seeing what a treasure she had missed, began to exclaim: "Please remember me, oh, King, for it was my little Tommy that found that 'ere crownd."

"Did you, my little man?" said Henry, too happy to take offence at anything.

"I'feckins I did," replied the child, in its indistinct kind of prattle.

"Here, give him money, some of you," said the generous and economical monarch; and several purses were instantly thrown into the woman's lap. The party were turning away.

"Another thing, may it please you," said the woman. "I've heard down in Shropshire that the King's touch cures the evil; now Tommy be very bad—and can't live unless he be delivered—"

The King stroked the boy on the chin, half in sport, and said,

"Do you want to be cured, my boy?"

"St. Doddlekins if I don't," said Tommy; and he operation was complete.

The child, we have said, was not more than three years of age; but there were already deep marks upon his face, and indentations almost like wrinkles upon his brow. He looked prematurely old, and his saintly allusions and very decided way of speech gave further evidence that his modes of thought were greatly in advance of his years. He was very little, and was feeble on his legs. So, when the battle was over, the mother trapped him again upon her back, and, with a light heart and heavy pocket, recommenced her journey to Shropshire. On first coming in sight of the Wrekin, so great was her delight that she suddenly paused, and fell upon her knees. Tommy, who had climbed upon her shoulder, was precipitated over her head, and fell with great violence on the ground.

"Drat the child," said the unfeeling parent, "thee can't live to enjoy thy fortune, if thee breaks thy bones in this guise. Get up, Tommy. Has thee snapt off thy t'other leg? for thy right leg be scarce mended since the miller's donkey kicked it in twain. Art thee killed?" she cried, in a louder voice, when Tommy lay quiet. "Clean dead wi' such a tumble as this—"

The boy opened his eyes, and said, "By Potterkind, I thinks I be."

The woman gathered him up as if he had been a piece of broken crockery. "Thee hast cracked thy two legs," she said, "and three of thy ribs; thou hast had measles that crooked thy back, and hooping-cough that wore out thy chest! thou hast king's evil, and art in a deep decline, and canst eat nothing, and never sleeps o' nights. Thee can't live, Tommy."

"Hold the tongue o' thee," replied the invalid. "By Splutters of York, I won't die nowhere but in my little bed at home. So get thee on, mother, for I thinks I shall never survive the sundown."

Tommy, however, did survive, and when twenty years past, he had grown to his full height, which was not much, and was strong for so very delicate looking a person; and as his mother before her decease, had pointed out to him the rafter between which and the thatch she had hidden the ransom money of the English crown, he considered himself above the necessity of work, and indulged in complete idleness and independence. Being idle and independent, he did many foolish things; among the rest, he fell in love. A girl was coming through the churchyard with a pail of water on her head; a beautiful, fair-haired, light figured girl, the ornament of the village. This was Tommy's sweetheart.

"Good-evening, Susan Proddy," he said. "Fatherland! how sweet thou lookest; give us a kiss, Susan."

"Out o' my gate, Tommy the trifler," said Susan, but stopping at his address. "What would such a dying like apparition do wi' a kiss if I gi'ed ye one?"

"'Twould maybe keep me alive," replied Tommy, "for I've such a pain in the chest."

"Try a poultice," replied the fair physician; "a little brown paper and tar would be o' more use to a ghost than ever a kiss o' mine."

"I'feckins," said Tommy, "perhaps you're right. I really wish I could die once for good, for nobody ever thinks I can live a year. Hark ye, Susan Proddy, I like thee so that I wish to make thee rich. If thou'lt marry me, I promise to die within the twelve months, and thee shalt have all my coin."

"That be a good and tempting offer, Tommy," replied the girl, with a laugh, "and I'll think on't. Clear the road, or I'll souse thee with the water-can." And so saying, she brushed passed the unfortunate wooer, and tripping gracefully over the stile, was lost to view.

"Dodderilops!" said Tommy, "if I could only hope to live for a few years—but it's useless to hope it. I've had the jaundice and the small-pox, and the sweating sickness; I've broke all my bones; I've had my head cracked; I've had my jaws out of joint; I have a cough as loud as a shepherd's dog; I have falling sickness; I have a complaint in my liver; I have a twist in the spine; I have ague every spring and autumn, and scartet fever every summer; I have enlargement of the heart, and disease of the kidneys, and elongated uvula; and lumbago every winter, and sciatica all the year. Joggles! it's a marvel I doesn't die."

But the marvel continued, and when twenty years more were past Tommy was still a walking catalogue of human woes. Every part of him seemed to go wrong except the heart. He was true to his only love, Susan Proddy; but Susan had left the village for a long time. She had married one Dodger, a miller from Wakefield, and had forgotten all about Tommy the trifler, and his proposal of marriage; but Tommy had never forgotten her. In the midst of all his pains and diseases her image lay enshrined, the only bright thing that shone upon Tommy's darkened life. He kept himself constantly informed of all her proceedings. When news came of her to the village, Tommy listened with more earnestness and interest than any one else; and once, when he was absent for five weeks, it began to be whispered that he had been making inquiries where Wakefield was, and how the journey to so distant a place might be accomplished; and shortly after that, a rumor came to Susan Proddy's mother, that a stranger had stopped the nurse who was carrying Susan's child, and had kissed the baby and placed round its neck a gold chain and a ring, with a beautiful coronet on the seal, so that the mother flattered herself the donor was a great lord, and augured prosperity to her daughter from so propitious an event. Tommy heard the report with great satisfaction. "Odds splutterface!" he said, as he lay groaning on his bed with gout and rheumatism, in addition to angina pectoris and spasms in his stomach, "I be glad the nobleman's chain and ring, out o' mother's old purse, is so highly valued. Ah, Susan Proddy! the miller never loved thee as I did—and it's very hard that I can't expect to live more than a few months, for I should like to see what comes o' thy fair child—the nurse called her Susan Proddy, which gave me palpitation of the heart. Oh, if I could live twenty years to learn what fortune befalls the darling Susan the second—but it aint o' no use wishing. I shall be gone in three weeks."

But Tommy was again disappointed. Eighteen years after his visit to Wakefield, he found his way to Warwick, where, in St. Mary's church, a noble marriage was to take place. Stephen Honeydew was about to become the happy husband of Susan Proddy's daughter, the lovely Susan Proddy Dodger; and from a gallery at the side, our friend the valetudinarian was a witness to the ceremony. Susan Proddy, now Mrs. Dodger, had lost some portion of her youthful beauty, for she was now rather crooked, and not quite so graceful in her walk as when we saw her crossing the churchyard with the water-pail on her head. But in Tommy's eyes she was Venus and all the Graces still. As the procession went forth, he staggered down to the porch, and placed himself so exactly in the middle, that the bride was forced to touch him with her sleeve as she glided past. The touch of her arm gave him new life. He ceased to cough for a moment; a flood of warm blood rushed into his heart. He looked round for the original Susan Proddy, but a fat man at her side pushed him out of the way.

"Spluddens!" exclaimed the invalid, "I always hated that miller—but what's the use o' hating or liking either? I can't have long to live, only it would be so pleasant to survive to see if there's ever a family from this here wedding. I'll keep my ears open for this Master Honeydew; but they can't keep open long. I've got the colic, and knots on my ankles, and a cataract in my eye, and swelling in the joints, and a wen on my neck, and carbuncles on my arm. So I must get home in time to die."

Perhaps all these diseases counteracted each other, and left Tommy in perfect health. He found means before he left Warwick to forward to the bride another ring which he had taken out of his mother's store; a plain gold ring, with the commencement of the motto "Honi"—perhaps it was the ring of Richard himself, or at all events of a Knight of the Garter;—and having placed this last memorial of his affection for Susan Proddy in the hands of her daughter, he returned in peace to his native village.

And did he die? No. He had said he would keep his ears open, but many things passed in those agitating days of English history, which never reached the Shropshire village where the afflicted Tom resided. Mr. Honeydew, who had married Susan the second, was a constable and sheriff's officer, who made himself very useful to Henry the Eighth. He ferreted out rich abbots, and turned nuns out of their houses. He hanged refractory monks with his own hands, and enriched himself with the spoils of the monasteries.—When a cloud came over his fortunes in Mary's time, he turned it aside by wearing a white sheet, and, after penance, being received into the Holy Church. He compensated for past sacrileges, by presiding at the Smithfield fires. He broke Latimer's head with a blow of a billet of wood, and pierced Cranmer with a red-hot poker. He was a servant of his sovereign and his country, and thought obedience the first duty of a subject. When Elizabeth came into power he recanted once more, and was so useful in the discovery of plots and exacting fines from traitors, that he died immensely rich, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Of all these changes Tommy continued ignorant. He had been surprised at the visit of certain commissions, to purify the church of popery, and break all the crosses; and after a few years he was again astonished by another visit of other commissioners, to introduce popery again, and restore the crosses.

"Faddlekicks!" he said, to an officer of the first commission, in the year 1544, "who sent thee here to break off Bridget's nose and take away the thumb-nails of St. Jockster of Coventry?"

"Who but the great Master Honeydew?" replied the man, while he plied the hammer, and split St. Bridget's shoulder into fifty fragments. "He is a stout and true-hearted Protestant, and high in favor with our lord the king."

And in 1555 he said: "By cross and pie! who hath sent thee hither with thy new painted wooden image? The old Bridget was good enough for we."

"I am sent by Sir Stephen Honeydew," replied the man, fixing the saint against the wall by a long nail through her leg. "He is a true and holy Catholic, and high in favor with our lady the queen."

"Odds Wigginton!" said Tommy, "can this be the husband of Susan Proddy's child?"

And he made inquiry, and found that the daughter of Dodger, the miller of Wakefield, was Lady Honeydew, one of the grandest ladies about the court.

"Hath she ever a son?" he inquired of the workman, who was giving St. Bridget's cheeks a rub with sand-paper.

"Aye, marry, hath she," he said, "a goodly boy of ten years old. He never misseth a burning of heretics, for already the saints hath given him a spirit of the true faith."

"I wish I could look on him afore I die," said Tommy; "but there ain't no chance. I've lost my teeth; my head be bald; my back be bent; I ha' no taste in my mouth; I have singing in my ears; I've congestion of the spleen; I've a softening of the brain; I'm afflicted with dropsy; I've erysipelas in the face; I've got lumber abscess and intermittent fever. I must get me to bed and die in a day at farthest."

But Tommy was deceived once more. When the churchyard of the village was filled with two or three more generations of his contemporaries; when Elizabeth was succeeded on the seat which she had made a throne by a Scotch pedant who made it a schoolmaster's stool; when all the England of his early days had disappeared, and the battle of Bosworth had begun to be considered pretty nearly as ancient as the battle of Marathon, there came down a gentleman to the little Shropshire village, and inquired his way to Tommy's cottage.

"How do, father?" he said, jauntily lifting up his Spanish hat, and letting the feather trail on the kitchen floor. "We have heard of thee at court, old gentleman, and the king wishes to see thee. Say, wilt jog Londonward, and shake hands with King Charles?"

"I'feckens I will," said the old man; "for, by'r ladie, I began my knowledge of kings pretty early, seeing I saw on one day both King Richard and King Henry. But, by the crook o' Glaston, we must make haste; for I haven't long to live now!"

"Have with you, then!" said the gallant, "you shall be guest of my Lord Bemerly, and shortly shalt thou see his Majesty."

Lord Bemerly received the Shropshire peasant very kindly. Lady Bemerly was delighted to study such an old "put," and with the tasteful graciousness of the time amused herself by putting vinegar into his beer, and filling his apple-pies with pepper and mustard, and tying ribbons across his path to make him fall; and once succeeded in tripping him at the top of the great staircase, and had him taken up insensible when he had reached the lowest step. All the gay people in the neighborhood were enchanted with the infantine playfulness of the countess. She was the most aristocratic of all the families in the country; and so, indeed, was her lord; between them they constituted the very acme and perfection of high birth and noble breeding.

"Do you know," she said, one day, to Tommy, "that some of my ancestors came from Shropshire—'tis an immense time ago, before the Crusades, I believe—and even you weren't born then. Look—this ring and chain—did you ever see anything more quaint and old?"

Tommy looked at them as he was told, and stood gazing as if he had been fascinated by their sight.

"Odds flitters!" he said, "I've see'd they before. Tell me, fair mistress, what was the name o' thee afore thou wast married to my lord?"

"My father was Earl of Boshfield," she said, with a laugh; "great grandson of the famous Sir Stephen Honi D'Eux, who was so great a man in Henry's and Mary's time. He married—let me see, here's a book that tells us all about them—he married Susan Proddy, who was descended from a noble family who came over with William, and assumed their name from the motto of their house, 'Pro Deo et Rege.' See, here is the ring with a coronet, and under it the words."

"I knowed her well," said Tommy. "She was Susan Proddy's child, as married Dodger, the miller of Wakefield."

The countess laughed long and loud.

"You pronounce the names incorrectly, Master Thomas. She married Reginald D'Ozier, the head of the great Norman family of the D'Oziers of Coutances, who were called the millers from their prodigious strength and the battle-axe with which they fought in the Holy Land; and you degrade them into the plebeian Dodger! See! here is another ring, with the explanation of the name you call Honeydew."

She took from a cupboard a plain gold ring, and showed it to her visitor.

"Jockers! but this is more odd nor the other! I sent that 'ere to thy grandmother's grandmother the day she married the constable in Warwick Church. And I do tell thee, the name was Susan Proddy and Stephen Honeydew. I see'd 'em both, and I wanted to marry thy grandmother's great-grandmother myself; and I would, too, only I was so sickly and weak."

"Get thee to the buttery-hatch, and get strong," said the countess, pettishly. "Thou hast outlived thy strength and memory; and I will have thee cudgelled to death if thou breathest word more about your Honeydews and Proddys and Dodgers."

Tommy hobbled as well as he was able to the buttery, and there endeavored to recover his courage and drown his remembrances of Susan with such copious draughts of beer, that in less than a week he expired of repletion and indigestion. He was buried at the expense of the illustrious family of the Honi D'Eux, and on his tombstone was written:

In memory of Thomas Parr, who died in the year sixteen hundred and thirty-five, at the age of one hundred and fifty-three.

DR. LIVINGSTON'S ARRIVAL AT THE MAKOLOLO VILLAGE.

DR. LIVINGSTON'S
Adventures and Discoveries in Africa.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Having sent his wife and children home to England under the direction, and to the care, of the London Missionary Society, on the 8th of June, 1852, Dr. Livingston proceeded from Cape Town, whither he had gone to see his family embark, a distance from his missionary station of no less than a thousand miles. He returned to Kuruman, Mr. Moffat's station, where he was detained for a time by untoward circumstances. The Trans-Vaal Boers, seeking revenge for his supposed influence with the Bakwains, in the matter of traffic in ivory, had desolated the Kolobeng station, killed sixty of the natives, and expressed their intention to murder him. In the spirit of true heroism, he desisted not from his purpose, but determined to open up a new way into the interior, although he had lost £300.

Starting from the Kuruman station, he proceeded in a north and north-westerly direction, by a different route from that which he had formerly taken, chiefly to avoid the "tzetse." This new path brought him into a densely wooded country, where, to his great surprise, he found vines growing luxuriantly, and yielding clusters of dark purple grapes. But it was a weary journey both for man and beast, as the grass was from eight to ten feet high, and our traveller was compelled to perform the double duty of driver and road-maker, "having," as he tells us, "either the axe or the whip in hand all day long till we came to latitude 18 degrees 4 minutes." Here he found himself approaching the Chobe, and entering that network of rivers called Linokanoka. The state of things was now widely different from that which he saw on his former visit. Then the waters were at their lowest point, and flowed within their ordinary channels; now the country was flooded. This formidable difficulty was much increased by the sudden illness of almost all his attendants. He had, therefore, to work his way to Linyanti almost unassisted, being compelled to leave the invalids and the wagon behind him. Having with some difficulty crossed the smallest of these flooded streams, he reached a river called the Sanshurah, half a mile broad, abounding with hippopotami. Embarking, with only one attendant, in a small pontoon which he had brought with him from Cape Town, he proceeded across the flooded country in search of the Chobe. After "splashing," as he says, "through twenty miles of an inundated plain," he climbed a high tree and was gladdened by a sight of the much desired river. On approaching it he found a broad *chevaux de frise* of papyrus reeds, and other aquatic plants interwoven with a creeper resembling the convolvulus, which rendered the Chobe almost unapproachable. By breaking or crushing this rank vegetation, in order to obtain a footing in the water, often deep, out of which it grew, he struggled on toward the open stream, taking the pontoon with him. A still more formidable barrier than reeds and flags next presented itself, in what he calls "a horrid sort of grass, about six feet in height, having serrated edges, which cut the hands most cruelly, wore his strong moleskin 'unmentionables' quite through at the knees, and his shoes, nearly new, at the toes." Three days were thus spent amidst the mass of reeds; but, though he was constantly wading, and wet up to the middle, he during that time slept soundly at night, and on the fourth day he was rewarded for his labor by his success in reaching the river, and launching the pontoon upon its bosom. Joyfully embarking in this frail craft, he paddled down the Chobe about twenty miles, and arrived at a village of the Makololo. The natives stood aghast at his apparition. Entrenched, as they supposed, by their rivers, they believed themselves to be unapproachable. Dr. Livingston's sudden arrival, therefore, was to them a great marvel, and the achievement exalted him in their eyes. The only explanation which they could devise for so strange an event was, that "he had fallen on them as from a cloud, and yet came riding on a hippopotamus."*

As soon as information of the arrival of Dr. Livingston reached Linyanti, a number of canoes, containing one hundred and forty natives, were sent off to convey him and his wagon to the town, where they received a welcome such as is given only to their chief. The delight of Sekeletu, the successor of Sebitoane, who was then only about nineteen years old, was manifested both in his actions and his words: he said,

"I have now got another father, instead of Sebitoane!"

The feeling of delight manifested by the chief was shared by the people. The mode of address here adopted by Sekeletu to the doctor, is very common among the African tribes. Mr. Moffat, speaking of Mosulekatse, and of his intercourse with that warrior chief, says,

"As he was rather profuse in his honorary titles, especially in calling me a *king*, I requested him rather to call me a *teacher*, or anything but a *king*. 'Then,' he said, 'shall I call you my father?' I rejoined, 'Yes, but only on condition that you be an obedient son.' This drew from him and his nobles a hearty laugh."

As to the doctor's reception among the Makololo, the prevalent idea among them seemed to be that, with his arrival, some great and indefinite good news was to be expected. They imagined that they were immediately to be raised to the same condition, in point of importance and civilization, with the Bakwains and the Kurumanese, of whom they had received a very exaggerated account, and they fancied they would soon be possessed of the clothing, the horses, the arms, the wagons, and other accoutrements, belonging to the white people. The selfishness and discontent with their present state so natural to man in all ages and countries, was particularly manifested by these savages on this occasion. They said, "Jesus had not loved their forefathers, hence their own present degradation. He had loved the white men, and had given them all the wonderful things they now possess; and, as the missionary had come to teach them to pray to Jesus, and to pray for them, their wants would soon be supplied." They expected, no doubt, a very great deal of advantage from the doctor's medicines, liberality, kindness, and power. The idea which the African tribes have of the latter attribute is often peculiarly favored by circumstances. The doctor's father in-law tells the following capital story, which happened among the natives at his station.

Mr. Moffat says, it was related to him by one of them in graphic style. "Two men had succeeded in stealing an iron pot. Having just taken it from the fire, it was rather warm for handing conveniently over a fence, and, by doing so awkwardly, it fell on a stone, and was cracked. 'It is iron,' said they, 'and off they went with their booty, resolving to make the best of it; that is, if it would not serve for cooking, they would transform it into knives and spears. After some time had elapsed, and the hue and cry about the missing pot had nearly died away, it was brought forth to a native smith, who had laid in a stock of charcoal for the occasion. The pot was further broken, to make it more convenient to lay hold of with the tongs, which are generally made of pieces of the bark of a tree.—The native vulcan, unacquainted with the nature of cast iron, having with his bellows produced a good heat drew a piece from the fire. To his utter amazement it flew into pieces at the first stroke of his little hammer. Another and another piece was brought under the action of the fire, and then under the hammer, with no better success. Both the thief and the smith, gazing with eyes and mouth dilated on the fragments of iron scattered round the stone anvil, declared their belief that the pot was bewitched, and concluded that pot-stealing was a bad speculation."

The morning of the day fixed for the doctor's departure presented a scene of unusual animation and interest at his starting point, which was Sekhose, a village on the Zambese. His movements were regarded with extraordinary anxiety. On the banks of the river many were gathered, who watched with extravagant gesticulation and discordant utterances, the miniature fleet which was collected upon its waters. Under the bright tropical sky there you might have seen thirty-three canoes, manned by one hundred and sixty rowers, awaiting the signal for their departure.—Out of this fleet, Dr. Livingston selected a vessel twenty-one inches wide and thirty-four feet long, manned by six experienced and athletic rowers. The Zambese now rolled on in ample volume, in the direction contrary to that which he intended to take; but no sooner was the word of command uttered, than the rowers swept through the waters at a rate far surpassing that of the current, mighty though it was. As he proceeded up the river, the doctor was filled with admiration at its magnificence and beauty. "It is often," he says, "more than a mile broad, and adorned with numerous islands of from three to five miles in length. These, and the banks too, are covered with forests, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian. The islands, at a little distance, seemed rounded masses of sylvan vegetation of various hues, reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scene is greatly increased by the date palm and lofty palmyra towering above the rest, and casting their feathery foliage against a cloudless sky. The banks are rocky and undulating, and many villages of the Banyeti, a poor, but industrious people, are situated upon both of them. They are expert hunters of hippopotami and other animals, and cultivate grain extensively."

*Sebitoane.

A SERVICEABLE RAT.—The writer on rats in Bentley's Miscellany, relates an anecdote of a tame rat, which shows that he is capable of serving his master as well as of passing a passive existence under his protection. The animal belonged to the driver of a London omnibus, who caught him as he was removing some hay. He was spared because he had the good luck to be piebald, became remarkably tame, and grew attached to the children. At night he exhibited a sense of the enjoyment of security and warmth, by stretching himself out at full length on the rug before the fire, and, after the fire was extinguished, he would creep into his master's bed. In the daytime, however, his owner utilized him. At the word of command, "Come along, Ikey," he would jump into the ample great-coat pocket, from which he was transferred to the boot of the omnibus. Here his business was to guard the driver's dinner, and if any person attempted to make free with it, the rat would fly at them from out the straw. There was one dish alone of which he was an inefficient protector. He never could resist plum-pudding, and though he kept off all other intruders, he ate his fill of it himself.

AN APPROPRIATE PRAYER.—The Rev. Mr. ——— had occasion to preach one Sunday to two congregations, white and colored. Our worthy divine having preached a sermon to the white congregation, which gave universal satisfaction, went in the afternoon to discourse to the colored people. Arrived at the African church, and finding the devout assembly all ready for the word of life, he preached what he considered a very fair sermon, especially for colored people; and, by way of closing, called upon a sable deacon to pray, and thus ran a part of his prayer:—"Thou very well knowest, oh, Lord, that one of de weakest of all Thy servants has this day preached de word unto us; but do Thou grant that de word what has been preached in great weakness, may be raised in power."—*Boston Transcript.*

HOOPS AS A LIFE PRESERVER IN OLD TIMES.—Looking this morning, into Mr. Denniston's "Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange and of Andrew Lumisden"—an exceedingly interesting book, by the way—I found an anecdote of the hoop, which, if not exactly new, is interesting at this time, when men are getting up a sort of a war-whoop against the feminine prison. Strange was courting Isabella Lumisden, in 1745, when Charles Edward came to Scotland, and took Edinburg, where the young couple were living. The lady belonged to a Jacobite family, and was, herself, a most zealous supporter of the Stuart cause. She compelled her lover to leave his peaceful profession of an engraver—in which he was to achieve such distinguished rank—and to enter the rebel army.

After Culloden, Strange, like many other Scotch gentlemen, was in "hiding." One day some of the Duke of Cumberland's red coated hell dogs got sight of him, and gave chase. Strange ran to a house hard by, and "dashed into a room where the lady, whose zeal had enlisted him in the fatal cause, sat singing at her needlework, and failing other means of concealment, was indebted for safety to her prompt intervention. As she quickly raised her hooped gown, the affianced lover disappeared beneath its ample contour, where, thanks to her cool demeanor and unfaltering notes, he lay undetected, while the rude and baffled soldiery vainly ransacked the house.

Mr. Denniston, in a note says: "Such a hoop as saved the rebel and secured a husband to the ready witted songstress, may be seen in a print of Kitty Clive, as the fine Lady of Lethe." I have never seen the picture he mentions, but other pictures of the dresses of that period, which I have seen, give such an idea of the "voluminous sufficiency" of the hoops then in use, that it would not surprise one to read that a small army had been concealed under one of them—of infantry, I mean.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE TANSY AND ITS VALUE.—M. de Morogues announces that this plant, dried, is excellent sheep food, and when fresh it makes capital litter for domestic animals. Its peculiar balsamic odor most effectually drives away fleas. A lap-dog sleeping on a bed of fresh tansy is immediately freed from these vermin. It should be renewed when the leaves are quite dry.

EXCESSIVE FATNESS.

ITS DANGERS AND ITS CURE.

A book has been written by a Dr. Dancel, (a medical practitioner of Paris—where possibly gastronomic luxuries tend to produce the malady he successfully combats,) in which, to be or not to be, fat, is treated as the grand question of human life. The epitome of welfare is leanness; while the origin of evil, nay, evil itself, is fat. Professional unfatteners would make Pope's Universal Prayer commence with the aspiration, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

For, it appears, it is only a vulgar error to believe that an increase of what is called good plight is any symptom of improving health. As an over-sanguine temperament is dangerous; as daily accidents occur from the undue predominance of the nervous system, so does the extraordinary development of fat cause first inconvenience, then infirmities, and finally constitutes a malady hitherto considered incurable, and known as obesity. To men, it is true, personal grace is not indispensable to happiness; but with women the case is different. Dr. Dancel reminds them that when once they have lost their personal attractions, their intellectual treasures serve merely to render them just supportable in society.

Beware, therefore, ladies, how you grow too fat! And you also, gentlemen, for your pockets' sake!

Fat has ruined the prospects of many a man, as of many a woman, by rendering it impossible for them to continue a profession which afforded them an honorable livelihood. The infantry officer, overwhelmed with embonpoint, cannot follow his regiment; the cavalry officer cannot perform his duty on horseback. The dramatic artist, whose voice or whose personal beauty is as good as a gold mine to the theatre that has engaged him, falls into poverty if an avalanche of tallow clogs the powerful lungs, pads the slender waist, and renders shapeless the graceful arms and legs. Stout rope-dancers are soon laid flat on their backs; overgrown gamekeepers are only fit for targets to be shot at, as practice, by juvenile sportsmen. Persons who live by mental labor find their faculties clouded by the increase of the corporeal substance; and literary men—but there is no need to consider that eventually, because it is too outrageous a supposition that a man who earns his bread by his pen should ever have the time to grow rotund and ponderous. With publishers the case is different, often the publisher sucks the marrow, while the author is left the bones for his pains. At one epoch, the Romans, not caring to give house-room to useless individuals, banished those of their fellow-citizens who were guilty of the crime of corpulence.

But all that is a mere nothing. The above misfortunes are only slight and few. Thus, embonpoint is a common cause of sterility, both in man and beast. A fat queen may cause an ancient dynasty to become extinct, for want of an heir to the throne. The very peasants sell off their fat hens, as unproductive of eggs. Even over-luxuriant plants produce no flowers, or barren ones. Excess of fat causes the human epidermis to crack, mottling the skin with white speckles and streaks; it induces hernias of various distressing forms; it is the parent of ulcerated legs; it gives rise to headaches, giddiness, and dimness of sight. In short, among the infinity of causes which originate disease, a bloated habit of body takes conspicuous rank, although modern medical works bestow but little notice on this morbid disposition. Such evils are often sought to be remedied by bleeding; but every medical man is aware that repeated bleedings are prodigiously conducive to the development of fat. Certain graziers bleed their oxen and cows before putting them up to be stall-fed; while calves have been inured to the operation from time immemorial. The palliative of bleeding, therefore, is only temporary; the more you are bled, the sooner are you stricken with apoplectic fat. And note this, for your comfort: fat people attacked by apoplexy are almost sure to die, while lean people have a very fair chance of recovery. The same of all other maladies which fat flesh is heir to. Did you ever taste or inspect a goose-liver pie? Well, your own liver, if too fat, is exactly like that. The geese who subscribe personally to the making of those costly pies, are purposely thrown into an unhealthy state; and no too obese biped is in a better hygienic position than a Strasbourg goose. Dropsy, swellings of the legs, and incurable sores, are the consequence of fat at the liver. Fat people, too, are liable to skin diseases, and to multitudinous other disfigurements besides.

The causes of obesity are various. First, there is the natural disposition and constitutional tendency to fat. Obesity may be hereditary. Almost every one is born with a certain predisposition, which is written on his countenance. Out of every hundred persons who die of consumption, ninety have brown hair, long faces, and sharp noses. Out of every hundred obese persons, ninety have short faces, round eyes, and obtuse or snub noses. It is a fact, therefore, that there are individuals predestined to obesity, whose digestive organs elaborate an extra quantity of fat. You remark in society a lively little girl, with rosy cheeks, a roguish nose, plump hands, short broadish feet, and rounded proportions generally. The prophetic sage beholds her as she will be ten years hence, and sighs over the full-blown expansion to which her form will become developed. Perhaps her mamma sits beside her, to tell you what she will be, without the exercise of second sight. It is a proof among hundreds of others, that it is not for the happiness of man to be able to read the future.

Secondary causes of corpulence are long indulgence in sleep in bed, and constant riding in carriages, to the exclusion of walking exercise. The Bedouin Arab, who is always astir to procure the means of his nomade existence, is never fat; nor are English husbandmen, who live on a shilling a day, and who earn it. Even well-fed animals of restless and active habits, are never laden with grease or suet; examples, the stag, the roe-deer, the hare, the antelope. The same of birds whose flight is prolonged and energetic; while poultry put up to fat, are kept in confinement. Oriental ladies, who are compelled to stop at home, and also the lady-abbesses of convents, often present extraordinary instances of obesity. Further causes are, a great fondness for farinaceous, starchy, and sugary diet; want of thought, as is manifest in the puffy condition of many idiots; a great absorption of fluids, whether water, beer, tea, or preparations of milk, or by frequent tepid baths, or even by constantly breathing damp air, or such as is slightly surcharged with carbonic acid and deficient in oxygen. At every inspiration, the more oxygen is taken in, the more carbon (one of the elements of fat) is thrown off from the lungs, and consequently from the general system. The inhabitants of the clear, pure atmosphere of the mountain is rarely so fat as the resident in the moister stratum which fills the valley.

But the grand cause of obesity, is our eating and drinking more than enough. It has been said that one of the privileges of the human race is, to eat without being hungry, and to drink without being dry. This double propensity is found wherever men exist. Savages indulge it, to a brutal extent, whenever they have the opportunity; and it is undeniable that we, members of civilized society, both eat and drink too much. As dinner-givers, as diners-out; at weddings and other family meetings; at political feasts; at charity banquets, enormous quantities of eatables and drinkables are consumed, of which our bodily frame stands in no real need. Such of us as have good stomachs, convert the surplus into fat, while those who have had ones transmute it into indigestions, colics, and cramps.

The prospect for fat folk is far from cheering; but happily there is no occasion for them to despair so long as Dr. Dancel shall continue to reside in Paris. He asks the question: "Is it possible to diminish embonpoint without injuring the health?" and he answers it in the affirmative.

There have existed professional emaciators, who have attained their result by a surgical operation, which consisted in cutting a hole in the patient, and taking out his troublesome lump of fat, very much in the way in which the avaricious farmer opened his goose that laid golden eggs. I have heard of a man-cook who possessed everything that could make life happy—health, wealth, fame, good children, and attached friends, who not unusually follow the rest—with the sad drawback that he was very fat. So he went to be operated on, and died. There is a story of a Pacha, who was always accompanied by a travelling surgeon, to relieve him of his fat in this way, as often as it became troublesome. In 1718, a Parisian surgeon, named Rhothonet, is said to have delivered a noted personage of an enormous paunch; after the operation, the patient became slim and active. Rhothonet was soon assailed by crowds of persons suffering from repletion, and begging him to undertake their alleviation. He paid little heed to the weight of their afflictions. He sent them all about their business, simply telling them that the case in which he had succeeded was a different affair to theirs. Mystification was all the help he gave them.

Fortunately, we are able to re-assure our fat friends; no operation is involved in the modern system of treating their superfluities. Dr. Dancel's grand principle is this: To diminish embonpoint without affecting the health, the patient must live principally on meat (eating but a small quantity of other aliment), and drinking but little, and that little not water. In a hundred parts of human fat, there are seventy-nine of carbon, fifteen and a fraction of hydrogen, and five and a fraction of oxygen. But water is nothing but the protoxyde of hydrogen; and hydrogen is one of the main elements of fat. Therefore, the aspirant after leanness must eat but few vegetables, or watery messes, or hot rolls, puddings, tarts, potatoes, haricots, pease-soup, charlottes, sweet biscuits, apple rolls, nor cakes in any of their protean forms; because all those dainties have carbon and oxygen for their principal bases. If he will persist in living on leguminous, farinaceous and liquid diet, he will make fat as certainly as the bee makes honey by sucking flowers. Chemistry tells us that the principal base of meat is azote, which does not enter into the composition of fat; while the principal elements of fruits, sugar, flour and starch, are carbon and hydrogen, the elements of fat. Human fat is found ready-made in certain aliments which are not flesh, as in olive-oil, and in all the oleaginous seeds. If you live principally on lean meat, you will not fatten so fast as those who follow a regimen composed of carbonic and hydrogenic bases.

It may be objected to this theory, that butchers and butcheresses are in general fat; because (as is taken for granted,) they live on meat. But inquiry will prove that the premises are false. Butchers and their wives (as any one may learn by taking the trouble to inquire,) dislike meat. When they do eat flesh, they prefer poultry; but they are much better pleased with a meal consisting of fish, vegetables, pastry, or even bread-and-cheese; besides which, they drink copiously. The supposition that they imbibe their fat from the flesh-laden atmosphere in which they live, is a hypothesis which remains to be proved. What is the best fatting diet for pigs? Barley-meal and milk, assuredly, and not flesh, although pigs eat flesh greedily. What made Louis the Eighteenth so enormously fat? What but his passion for mealy potatoes? While carnivorous animals—lions, tigers, and wolves—are never fat.

To aid you in shaking off your superabundant fat, other means besides diet may be brought into action. Overladen sufferers ought to take internally certain substances which aid in the decomposition of fat. The alkalis, for instance, combining with it, form soaps. You may thus establish a home manufactory of real brown Windsor, and other fancy articles. Such alkalis, administered in ordinary doses, never produce inconvenience; they increase, rather than diminish the appetite, and thus favor the decrease of fat. Soap pills have been prescribed, for ages past, to cure obstructions of (i. e. fat in) the liver. The Vichy waters are recommended for the same purpose; and it is by the portion of alkali still left free in the soap pills, and by the same alkali in the Vichy waters, that obstructions of the liver are removed. Dr. Cullen, in his Elements of Practical Medicine, relates that a physician named Fleming, sometimes succeeded in reducing embonpoint by prescribing soap pills. Another English writer speaks highly of alkaline baths as an antidote to obesity; while a French practitioner records a case of emaciation resulting in a very stout lady from the use of carbonate of soda and soda-water which she was ordered to take with a different object in view.

You will understand that alkalis alone will not deliver you from your burden of fat. If by your diet you take in as many grease-making elements as the alkali drives out, things will remain in their old condition, the supply being equal to the demand. Even when living exclusively on meat, you may spoil all by drinking too much. The absorption of the smallest possible quantity of liquid is an indispensable condition, whether in the form of food, drink, or baths. A moist atmosphere even encourages the growth of fat; some people become sensibly heavier in muggy weather. As a warning, be it mentioned that draughts of vinegar and other acids produce leanness (when they do not cause death) only by deranging the general health through the injury they cause to the digestive canal. Many young persons have fallen victims to the marasm brought on by daily doses of vinegar taken with the object of making themselves thinner. A persistence in drinking strongly acidulated lemonade as a habitual beverage, for the same purpose, has proved scarcely less injurious. As to slight doses of tincture of iodine, or iodide of potassium, to diminish fat, they may be described in one word—POISON.

The great comfort is, that fat folk now need not go and hang; for drown they cannot. Ladies and gentlemen who have not seen their shoestrings for years, may still hope to see them yet. Twenty stone need be no solid ground for despair. Mortals grown to the proportions of a Stilton cheese, have yet returned to the aspect of humanity. Listen, all ye disconsolate situation seekers, who are unable to advertise yourselves as without incumbrance!

Monsieur Guenaud, master baker, of the Rue St. Martin, Paris, at the age of twenty-eight was not quite four feet high. He grew so fat that he could scarcely waddle. As soon as he made an attempt to walk, he was overcome by the oppression of his own weight. If he remained long in a standing posture, he was seized with violent pains. He could not follow his business; he could not lie down in bed; he could not wear a hat without turning giddy. Had he seen the Regent diamond lying on the pavement in the street, he would not have dared to stoop to pick it up. The poor man thereupon took to bleeding and purging, to sorrel and spinach, to plenty of bread and water and no meat, only to progress from bad to worse. He was disbanded out of the National Guard, and he fell into a state of somnolent indifference which might have ended in a journey to Pere-la-Chaise, had not his mother happened to read the very book I have just been quoting.

The sequel may be guessed. In thirteen days, M. Guenaud was able to take a long walk, carrying his hat on his head all the while, which latter fact is not mentioned as a joke. In a month, he had lost sixteen pounds of weight, and eighteen centimetres of circumference. In three months, his fat was diminished by forty pounds, and his abdominal equator by forty centimetres. Finally, his heavy luggage in front was ultimately removed. When M. Guenaud reappeared in the ranks of National Guard, his return created immense sensation among his gallant comrades. He rendered justice to the author of his restoration to moderate breadth and thickness; who, in return, has rendered his patient the justice to record that he punctually observed the treatment prescribed; for breakfast, a beefsteak or a couple of cutlets, with a very small quantity of vegetables and a demi-tasse of coffee; his dinner likewise consisted of meat and very little vegetable. From being a great water drinker, he restrained himself to a bottle or a bottle and a half of liquid per day. When thirsty, he drank very little at a time; and between meals he rinsed his mouth with water, either pure or slightly acidulated with vinegar, whenever a wish to drink was felt, as a substitute for it.

A NEW WAY TO DETECT A THIEF.

The father of Mr. Webster, the great American Statesman, was a very humorous and jocose personage.

As he was once journeying in Massachusetts, not far from his native town, he stopped late one night at an inn in the village of ———. In the bar-room were about twenty persons, who called out to him to discover a thief. One of the company, it appeared, had a watch taken from his pocket a few minutes before, and he knew the offender must be in the room with them.

"Fasten all the doors of the room—let no one leave it," said Mr. Webster; "and here, landlord, go and bring your wife's great brass kettle."

Boniface did as commanded. The great brass kettle was placed in the middle of the floor, bottom up—as black, and sooty, and smoky as the chimney back.

"You don't want hot water nor nothing to take off the bristles of no critter, do you, squire?" said the landlord—the preparations looking too much like hog-killing.

"Go to your barn and bring me the biggest cockrill you've got."

Boniface went to the barn, and soon returned with a tremendous great rooster, cackling all the way like mad.

The old rooster, was thrown under the inverted kettle, and the lamp blown out.

"Now, gentlemen, I don't suppose the thief is in here, but if he is the rooster will crow when the offender touches the bottom of the kettle with his hands. Walk around in a circle, and the cock will make known the watch stealer. The innocent need not be afraid, you know."

The company, then, to humor him and carry out the joke, walked round the kettle in the dark for a few minutes.

"All done, gentlemen?"

"All done," was the cry—"where's your crowing—we heard no cock-a-doo-dle-doo!"

"Bring us a light."

A light was brought as ordered.

"Now hold up your hands, good folks."

One held up his hands after another—they were of course black, from coming in contact with the soot of the kettle.

"All up?"

"All up," was the response.

"All black?"

"A—ll—don't know; here's one fellow who hasn't held up his hands."

"Ah, ha, my old boy! let's take a peep at your paws?"

They were examined, and were not black like those of the rest of the company.

"You'll find your watch concealed about him; search him!"

And so it proved. This fellow, not being aware any more than the rest, of the trap that was set for the discovery of the thief, had kept aloof from the kettle, lest when he touched it, the crowing of the rooster should proclaim him as a thief.

As the hands of all the others were blackened, the whiteness of his own, of course, showed that he dared not touch the old brass kettle, and that he was the thief.

He was lodged in proper custody preparatory to being sent to jail.

☞ A TERRIBLE REVERSE.—"No children, now-a days, ma'am! All our children are men—and all our men are childish, ma'am!"—*Mr. Fogey.*

☞ A morning paper, in a recent notice, evidently intending to be complimentary to a washing company, whose works it was describing, says:—"It matters not how dirty the work is, the company are prepared to do it."

☞ When strangers visiting Wordsworth's house wished to see his study, the servant said:—"The library where my master keeps his books is in that room, but his study is in the fields."

A PEEP INTO A SALAD-BOWL.

"My dear, learned friend," said the doctor, "a bowl of lettuce is the Venus of the dinner-table! It rises upon the sight cool, moist and beautiful, like that very imprudent lady coming out of the water, sir! And to complete the image, sir, neither should be dressed too much!"

When Dr. Bushwacker had issued this observation, he drew himself up in a very portly manner, as if he felt called upon to defend himself as well as his image. Then, after a short pause, he broke—silence.

"*Lactuca*, or lettuce, is one of the most common vegetables in the world; it has been known, sir, from time immemorial; it was as common, sir, on the table of the ancients, as it is now, and was eaten in the same way, sir, dressed with oil and vinegar.

"Now, sir, there was one thing the ancients did with lettuce which we do not do. They boiled it, sir, and served it up like asparagus; so, too, did they with cucumbers—a couple of indigestible dishes they were, no doubt. Lettuce, my dear friend, should have a quick growth, in the first place, to be good: it should have a rich mould, sir, that it may spring up quickly, so as to be tender and crisp. Then, sir, it should be *new-plucked*, carried from the garden a few minutes before it is placed upon the table. I would suggest a parasol, sir, to keep the leaves cool until it reaches the shadow of within-doors. Then, sir, it must be washed—mind you—ice-water! Then place it upon the table—what Corinthian ornament more perfect and symmetrical. Now, sir, comes the important part, *the dressing*. 'To dress a salad,' says the learned Petrus Petronius, 'you must have a prodigal to furnish the oil, a counsellor to dispense the salt, a miser to dole out the vinegar, and a madman to stir it.' Commit that to memory, my learned friend."

"It is down, doctor." (*Tablets.*)

"Let me show you," continued Dr. Bushwacker, "how to dress a salad. Take a small spoonful of salt, thus: thrice the quantity of mustard—'Durham'—thus: incorporate: pour a slender stream of oil from the cruet, so; gently mix and increase the action by degrees," (head of hair in commotion, and face brilliant in color;) "dear me! it is very warm—now, sir, oil in abundance, so; a dash of vinegar, very light, like the last touches of the artist; and, sir, we have the dressing. Now, take up the lettuce by the stalk! Break off the leaves—leaf by leaf—shake off the water, replace in the salad-bowl, pepper it slightly, pour on the dressing, and there you have it, sir."

"Doctor, is that orthodox?"

"Sir," replied Dr. Bushwacker, holding the box-wood spoon in one hand and the box-wood fork in the other; "the eyes of thirty centuries are looking down upon me. I know that Frenchmen will sprinkle the lettuce with oil until it is thoroughly saturated; then, sir, a little pepper; then, sir, salt or not, as it happens; then, sir, *vinaigre* by the drop—all very well. Our people, sir, in the State of New Jersey, will dress it with salt, vinegar, and pepper—perfectly barbarous, my learned friend; then comes the elaborate Englishman; and our Pennsylvania friend, the Rev. Sydney Smith, sir, gives us a recipe in verse, that shows how they do it there, and, at the same time exhibits the deplorable ignorance of that very peculiar people. I quote from memory, sir:

> "'Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
> Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
> Of mordent mustard add a single spoon,
> Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;
> But deem it not, lady of herbs, a fault
> To add a double quantity of salt.
> Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
> And twice with vinegar procured from town;
> True flavor needs it, and your poet begs
> The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
> Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
> And scarce suspected, animate the whole.
> Then lastly in the flavored compound toss
> One magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.
> Oh, great and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!
> 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
> Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
> And plunge his fingers in the Salad-Bowl!'

"Now, sir, I have *tried* that, and a compound more execrable is not to be thought of. No, sir! Take some of my salad, and see if you do not dream afterwards of the Greek mythology."—*Cuzzen's "Wine Press."*

THE GREATEST EATERS IN THE WORLD.—The Hottentots, the Bushmen, and the inhabitants generally of Southern Africa, are notorious for the large amount of food they consume. According to Barrow, they are the greatest gluttons on the face of the earth. "Ten of our Hottentots," he says, "ate a middling-sized ox, all but the hind legs, in three days; but they had very little sleep during the time, and had fasted the two preceding days. With them the word is to eat or to sleep. When they cannot indulge in the gratification of the one, they generally find relief in flying to the other;" and the same authority, in speaking of the Bosjemens, says they are as voracious as vultures. "The three who accompanied us to our wagons, had a sheep given to them about five in the evening, which was entirely consumed by them before the noon of the following day." And those who have read the accounts given by Captain Parry and others, of the gormandizing powers of the Esquimaux, are familiar with the enormous quantities of food they can dispose of. Sir John Ross states that it amounts to 20 lbs. of flesh and oil daily; and Sir W. Parry once tried, as a matter of curiosity, how much food an Esquimaux lad, scarcely full-grown, would consume. In twenty-four hours, he had 4 lb. and 4 oz. of hard frozen sea horseflesh in the raw state, the same quantity of it boiled, 1 lb. and 12 oz. of bread and bread-dust, besides a pint and a-quarter of rich gravy soup, a tumbler of strong grog, three wine glasses of raw spirits, and nine pints of water. But, as the late Dr. Pereira observed, the most marvellous account of a gormandizing power is that published by Capt. Cochrane, in his Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary. He says that the Russian Admiral Saritcheff was told that one of the Zakuti consumed in 24 hours the hind-quarter of a large ox, 20 pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink. To test the truth of this, the Admiral gave him a thick porridge of rice, boiled down with 3 pounds of butter, weighing together 28 pounds, and, although the glutton had already breakfasted, yet did he sit down to it with great eagerness, and consumed the whole without stirring from the spot; and except that his stomach betrayed more than ordinary fullness, he showed no sign of inconvenience or injury. Capt. Cochrane also states that a good calf, weighing about 200 pounds, may serve four or five Zakuti for a meal. He adds, that he has himself seen three of them consume a reindeer at one meal, and that a Zakuti or Tingouse will easily devour 40 pounds of meat a day.

SENSATIONS IN DROWNING.—In your twelfth volume there are several communications on the singular sensations which some persons appear to have experienced in drowning. I will not question the veracity of those who have undergone the fearful ordeal, but I take the liberty to think that they must have been persons of very peculiar psychological idiosyncracies. I have myself been twice drowned to insensibility; once in the river Avon, in the vicinity of Rugby, and once in the Oxford canal. In each instance, till the extinction of consciousness, I was fully aware of the awful position in which I was placed, quite collected, free from acute pain, and hopeless of being saved from impending death. But I had no particular remembrance of anything, either good or bad, which had occurred during my past life. And as I consider myself a fair average specimen of humanity, neither much better nor much worse than my neighbors, I am disposed to conclude, from what I have heard and seen, as well as suffered, that the experience of nine out of every ten persons who have been drowned and recovered, accord with my own.—*Cor. of Notes and Queries.*

THE PEOPLE IN PERSIA.—Though the Persian peasantry are poor—so far as that they possess very little cash, and few valuables—their general condition is by no means as bad as might be supposed; and I suspect would contrast favorably with that of a great proportion of the same class in Europe. Famine seems to be unknown in this land—in a country so very thinly peopled, a small supply of food suffices to maintain the inhabitants, and this supply is easily raised. In a scanty population, besides, there is room for all, and work and means of living for all—individuals are not obliged to elbow, jostle and trample on one another for a livelihood; as they are often compelled to do in populous and civilized regions. The laborer in Persia may not have a coin in his pocket, but he has plenty to eat, he is not uncomfortably lodged, and he knows nothing of the agricultural distress, the starvation, and the frightful misery of which we hear far too much in civilized countries.—*Binnings' Two Years in Persia.*

☞ It usually falls out that those who seek others' destruction find their own.—*Andrew Fuller.*

☞ "I am astonished at your honor's decision!" said a young lawyer to a judge who had decreed against him. "This remark cannot be permitted," said the judge, "and an apology will be necessary on your part." "Permit me," said the senior counsel, "to offer an excuse for my young friend; he is new in these matters, and when he has practised as long before your honor as I have, he will be astonished at nothing!"

☞ Eliza Cook very truly says:—"To appreciate the value of newspapers, we have only to suppose they were to be totally discontinued for a month."

☞ A PROMPT REPLY.—"A penny for your thoughts, madam," said a gentleman to a pert beauty. "They are not worth a farthing, sir," she replied. "I was thinking of you."

☞ Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices, so climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.

☞ A little Swedish girl was walking with her father one night under the starry sky, intently meditating upon the glories of heaven. At last, looking up to the sky, she said: "Father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?"

☞ THE POLONIUS OF THE PALACE.—The Times says that Sir William Don, who is acting at the St. James's Theatre, is seven feet high. Col. Phipps, on reading that fact, gave a shriek, and exclaimed, "By Jove, he's tall enough to act *in two pieces.*"

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, *No. 25 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, May 16, 1857.

Pennsylvania.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Relief notes ½ dis
Lancaster bk ¼ dis
Erie City bk 25 dis
Bk of Newcastle 20 dis
New Jersey.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Merch bk Bridgeton 25 dis
West Gower's bk
Newton 25 dis
Commercial Bk, Camden & Amboy, failed
Delaware.
Solvent bks par
Under 5's ½ dis
Maryland.
Valley bk Hagerstown no sale
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Frd'k & Mon bk Kem'n no sale
District of Columbia.
Exchange bk 30 dis
Solv bks ½ dis
New York.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
4th Avenue bk ½ dis
Kingsbridge bk 10 dis
Par bk Onondaga 25 dis
Mer & Man bk Oswego 30 dis
Ex bk Buffalo 30 dis
Empire City bk ½ dis
Central bk 10 dis
Champlain bk no sale
Maine.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk of Hallowell 20 dis
Kennebunk bk 20 dis
Maritime bk Bangor 15 dis
Canton bk South China no sale
Exchange bk no sale
Hancock bk 25 dis
New Hampshire.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Lancaster bk closed
Exeter bk failed
Vermont.
Solv bks ¼ dis
South Royalton bk 2 dis
Connecticut.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Massachusetts.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Rhode Island.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk Repub Providence 70 dis
Canada.
Solv bks 2 dis
Zimmerman ½ dis
Virginia.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
Bk of Kanawha 10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria 2 dis

North Carolina.
Solv bks ¼ to 1 dis
Small notes 2 dis
Georgia.
Old bks ½ dis
New bks 2 to 5 dis
Bk Columbus no sale
Bk of Milledgeville no sale
Man & Mech bk Columbus no sale
Planters' and Mech's bk, Union no sale
South Carolina.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Alabama.
Bk of Mobile 1 dis
Other solv bks 5 dis
Mississippi.
All bks uncertain
Louisiana.
Solv bks 1 dis
Ohio.
Solv bks 1 dis
Bk of Circleville 55 dis
Canal bk 8 dis
Kentucky.
Solv bks 1 dis
Indiana.
New solvent bks 2 dis
State bk 1 dis
Shawnee bk, Attica, no sale
Gramercy bk, Lafayette
Other bks 5 to 50 dis
Illinois.
Peoples bk, Carmi, 20 dis
Rushville bk, Rushville, 20 dis
Solvent bks 2 dis
Agricultural bk 20 dis
Amer Ex bk 20 dis
Bk Commonwealth 20 dis
Missouri.
Solv bks 1 dis
Tennessee.
Bk of East Penn no sale
River Bank no sale
Solv ots 2 to 5
Small notes 2½ dis
Central bk no sale
Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis no sale
New bks 3 to 5 dis
Michigan.
Solv bks 2 dis
Arkansas.
All bks no sale
Wisconsin.
Solv bks 2 dis
Texas.
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston 5 dis

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 103 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closes dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	102	—
" " '67	110	—
" " '68	110	—
" " '85	110	—
Phila 6 pr ct	91	91½
" " new	90	90½
" 5 "	87	88
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Phila 6 pr ct	74	76
" " coupon	74½	76
All'gy city 6 pr ct	63½	65
Pittsburg "	65	65½
Allegh'a R R 6	63	65
Penn "		
" 5 "	83½	84
" " coupon	80	82½
Penn 6 pr ct	97	98
" 5 " coupon	76½	77
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102½	103½
Penn R R 6 pr ct	99½	99½
Int'rnal nav 6	85	90
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	76	77
P C & P R R "	82	82
Read'g R R "	78½	79½
" " int	84	84
H & Lan R R "	97	99
P & E R R "	—	—
Cle Col R R "	87	90
Penn'a R R "	80	83
Phil Wil & Bal '60 R R 6 pr ct	86½	86½
Long I R R "	68½	70
Sch Nav '82 "	66	67
Lehigh Nav "	91	92½
" 7 "	92	93
C & D C "	72	73
Sus & Tid R "	66	68
Union Canal	51	53½
Wilm'n & Elmira 1st m'g 7 pr ct	75	85
" 2d " 7 pr ct	64½	65
Catawissa "	37½	38
North Penna 6 pr ct	37½	38
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	130	134
Penna	60	60½
Hen Meadow	54	55½
North Penna	11	11½
Phil Ger & Nor	6½	8
Reading	46½	46¾
" preferred	44½	50
Minehill	52½	53
Haz & Lyn	56½	56
Chester Val	4	6
Tioga	12	—
" preferred	20	—
P W & Balt	22	25
Long Island	11½	12
Wil'sport & Elmira	22	23½
Catawissa	12½	13½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	14½	15
" preferred	24½	24½
Lehigh Nav	73	74
Morris	15½	16½
" preferred	95½	97
C & Del	69	70
Union	10½	11
Sus & Tidewater	16½	18
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	150	160½
Penna	112	114
Phila	120	125
Far & Mec	64	66
Commercial	53	54
N Liberty	56	58
Mechanics	220	225
Southwark	77	80
P Township	39½	40
Kensington	68	70
Girard	103	104
Western	61½	62½
Man & Mech	30	35
Commerce	66	68
Tradesmen's	69	—
City	52	60
Consolidation	97	98½
Pittsburg	57	—
M & M Pitts	50	—
Ex'ge Pitts	57	—
Kentucky	112	113½
Northern, Ky	120	121
Louisville, Ky.	112	114
Farmers, Ky.	112	113
Union, Nash Tenn	102	110
Planters, Tenn	105	107
Com & M Vick	6	61
N O Gas Lt	129	130

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There is very little export demand for Flour, but holders, owing to the very reduced state of the stock on sale, have realized a further advance of 7½@8 ₱ bbl since the close of last week: the market, however, has been unsettled and dull during the last few days, and no improvement has been lost; sales to the extent of 700 bbls are reported, part taken on speculation at $7a7.40 for standard and good straight brands; $7 87½ for extra, and $8 for Brandywine, including 100 bbls extra on terms not made public, and 600 bbls standard superfine, taken to-day at $7.25 ₱ bbl, at which rate there are more sellers than buyers, notwithstanding the more favorable news of the Asia's advices. The home trade has been buying moderately within the range of $7a7.50 for common and choice brands, and $7.50 for extra and fancy lots, as in quality, coloring, however, very quiet at the highest figures. Rye Flour has improved, and about 1000 bbls have been taken at $4.50a4.62½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also better, and 250 bbls sold at $3.50a3.75 for Pennsylvania, including 200 bbls a selected brand, at $3.62½, and 500 bbls Brandywine at $3.50 ₱ bbl. The inspections for the week ending the 14th inst. are 3600 bbls Flour, 1664 bbls Corn Meal, and 775 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN—The receipts of wheat continue light, and prices under a moderate demand for milling, have further improved. The market, however, left off unsettled and dull at the advance; sales include about 15,000 bus, mostly Pennsylvania at 173a180 for good, and choice reds closing at 180 and 185 for white as in quality. Rye is also better, and 3000 bus Pennsylvania sold at 98c. Corn has been taken to a good extent, the market at the close is bare at the latter rate. Corn is selling to a small extent, and firm with further sales of about 45,000 bus, mostly Southern Yellow at 82c, including several lots of Pennsylvania in store at the same figure, and white at 81a 82c. Oats have been dull and rather lower since last week, with sales of about 18,000 bus Delaware and Pennsylvania to notice at 56a56c, chiefly at 56c, weight.

PROVISIONS—There is more firmness in the market for all descriptions. There has been more inquiry for Pork, and holders have put up their prices 50c ₱ bbl. Sales of 100 bbls Mess at $22.50a24—now held at $24. Prime is held at $20 with little offering. City packed Mess is offered at $18.50a19. Nothing doing in Dried Beef. Bacon—There has been a steady demand and prices are well maintained. Sales of 200 casks Ham at 12½c; Sides, in lots, at 12½a13c, and Shoulders at 10½a10½c, on time. The receipts of Bulk Meats are light, and the stock extremely small. Sales of 20,000 casks Hams at 11½a11c; Sides, and Shoulders at 9½c, 60 days, now held at 9½c. Lard continues to meet a steady inquiry without change in price. Sales of 200 bbls and tierces at 14½a15c ₱ lb, 60 days, for prime quality, and kegs at 15c. Butter—Common quality is very dull, but for other kinds there is a fair inquiry. Sales of solid packed at 14a15c, and Roll at 18a20c ₱ lb. Cheese is unchanged.

BARK—The market continues bare of No 1 Quercitron Bark, and it is wanted. Sales of 20 hhds at $44,50a45 ₱ ton. No Tanner's Bark coming forward.

BEESWAX—Is unchanged. Small sales of yellow at 27a28c ₱ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There is a steady demand for City manufactured Adamantine at 25c ₱ lb, 4ds mos, but other descriptions meet only a limited inquiry.

COAL—The market continues very dull, but prices remain as last quoted. The receipts, although quite moderate, are in excess of the demand. Bituminous Coal is very dull. The last sales were at 4c ₱ bu.

COFFEE—The market continues very firm, but the demand has been limited. Sales of 1000 bags Rio in lots at 10½a11c; 800 bags Laguayra at 11c, and some Java at 13½c ₱ lb, on time.

COPPER—There is very little doing, and Yellow Metal is limited to 27c. English Sheathing is held at 31c, 6 mos.

COTTON—The market has been quite dull. There has been very little inquiry from the manufacturers, and the operations a concession of ½c ₱ lb has been submitted to. Sales of 900 bales—mostly Upland, from 14 to 15½c ₱ lb, 4 mos time, for low grade and middling Fair Upland.

DRUGS AND DYES—But little doing. Sales of Soda Ash at 3½c, 6 mos; Caustic, in bds, at 4½c, now held at 5c, and 14 an advance—the stock in the country being light, and all held by one house. German Ammonia at 8c. Bleaching Powders at 5½c; 100 bbls Venetian Red at 3½; and Oil of Lemon at $2.20.

FEATHERS—There are but few offering, and not much inquiry. Small sales at 45c ₱ lb.

FISH—There has been considerable movement in Mackerel and about 2,000 bbls Massachusetts held by speculators—also all that is left by one house—were disposed of on private terms. Small sales from store at $18 ₱ bbl for No 1; $15 for No 2; $12.50 for No 3; and $10 for No 4. Shad nominal at $12.50 for No 2; and $18 asked for No 1. Large Herring sell at $3.50a4.

AN ENGLISH GARDENER'S OPINION OF AMERICA.

We take the following letter from an English gardener to his old employer in England, from the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*. It is quite interesting—though not entirely accurate. For instance, the writer takes last February as a sample of our usual Februaries in this city—in which he is very wide of the mark, as probably next February will convince him.

"THE GARDENS, GREEN HILL, *Philadelphia*, March 1, 1857.—I arrived in Boston on the 20th of May, after being twenty-six days at sea.—Boston is a fine town, and has a splendid park and many fine public buildings. Gardening and nursery work go ahead here; there is a fruit and flower show weekly. Mr. Hovey's nursery will compete with most English ones, and I should think leave them in the shade for fruit trees. At the Philadelphia Horticultural Show he exhibited one hundred and forty-eight different specimens, and this last fall sold five hundred bushels of Pears. Grape growing is carried on very extensively here; they have no artificial heat; any kind of a structure will do, and they will grow as much in one season as they will with you in two, under any circumstances. I have seen Black Hamburgh bunches weigh 22½ and 28 ounces.—Grapes, Peaches, Pears and Apples appear to be quite at home here. I have seen Peaches sold much cheaper than I ever saw Potatoes in England. I resided in Boston until September 18, 1855, and was employed as a bouquet maker, at 18s. per week. I had my board for 14s. 6., and could have had it at 10s. per week. You think there is no place like old England for living, but I assure you America beats it. I spent a week in New York. It is a splendid city; in my idea it surpasses London; the houses are built with red brick and white marble (*1*) corners, and they look very well; the streets are long and regular, the houses are in squares every way; and what strikes one most is the trees growing along the sides of the walks. They are planted for the sake of keeping off the hot sun. There are seats all about the city, and all along Hudson River;—the scenery is grand about New York—the Hudson is a noble river. There are a great many nurseries in the neighborhood. Ellwin's and Barry's comprises three hundred acres, all planted with evergreens and deciduous shrubs; the work is done principally by horses, particularly the cleaning, as they cannot get men. I know a nurseryman to offer 15s. per week, with board and lodging, and could not get a man. I often thought what a pity it was that good men were losing their time in the country nurseries in England, when they would be so useful out here.—We are under no obligation, nor have we any need to care for any one after we get known.—From Boston I enclosed Mr. Henderson's note to Mr. Buist and on receiving my letter he wrote for me at once. I could have obtained three situations the first day I arrived in Philadelphia; it has become one of the cleanest and handsomest towns in the country; there are five hundred thousand inhabitants, and twice as large as any European town of such a population, as you will see; the back streets are as wide as the Edgeware Road or Oxford Street.—Gardening about Philadelphia is very fine; it will compete with Liverpool. It has a monthly meeting, and the attendance of a Professor of Pomology; the greatest citizens patronise it.—I have a very comfortable situation, wages £72 per annum, with board, &c. I have an orchard-house, plant-house, greenhouse, Grapery, and pits for forcing vegetables. I have to superintend the woods, no one interferes with me.—This is a great country for over men, people do not support old firms here; if any one commences nursery business, and raises good stuff," you can sell it (though a new beginner in the business) equally as well as a man who has been in it his lifetime. The weather is very fine here all February, the thermometer being frequently 60 degrees in the shade. In January we had it 16 degrees below zero, and frequently 20 degrees below, though our winter was but part of December and January; the frost commenced in September, but the sun is too powerful for the frost to have much effect then. We have beautiful weather up to Christmas, then after that we have to see that our ears, fingers and toes are not frozen. It is a frequent occurrence to hear of people saying, I got my ears froze, or toes and fingers, in the winter of 1855. The ground gets frozen like an iceberg from Christmas until April. Then is the time for sleighing and hunting. The lower class all look for a good time at sleighing(?). Plenty of greenhouse plants bloom well out of doors here.—Magnolia grandiflora, Mandevilla suaveolens, and hundreds of others bloom splendidly here.—Paulownias, Catalpas, and Magnolias scent the whole forests. Please to tell Henry Thomas that this is the place for him, or any other young man who would conduct himself properly."

HOW BIRDS ARE TREATED IN JAPAN.—Very kindly. They are never killed for sport, and little troughs are scooped out in the tombstones, which the priests fill every morning with fresh water for their drink. During the stay of Commodore Perry's ships, a number of officers started one day to go a gunning. As soon as the Japanese saw the cruel murder of their birds, they went to the Commodore, and begged him to put a stop to such conduct. There was no more bird-shooting in Japan by American officers after that; and when the treaty between the two countries was concluded, one condition of it was, that the birds should always be protected.

Take care of the birds. That is what the farmers say we must do in this country. Unless we do, good-bye to fruit, for the insects will get the upper hand of us, and eat it up. Let the birdies live, and they will not only cheer us by their beauty and their songs, but destroy the insects and preserve our fruit.

A HORSE WITH A CORK LEG.—We take the following from the Adelaide (Australia) Register:—"We have recently seen Mr. Collin's mare, Jewess. It will be remembered that she broke her near fore-leg on the race-course in April last, while running for the town plate. Amputation was performed by Mr. Crabb, under whose care she has completely recovered, and is expected to throw a foal to Swordsman in about six weeks. Her condition is excellent, and the cork foot seems to answer its purpose admirably."

THE CATTLE MURRAIN.—The diseased cattle might with much benefit be made to inhale oxygen gas by means of a small portable apparatus. The sheds should be kept scrupulously clean and well ventilated. It should be kept boiling over a lamp. Gypsum and coal-ashes should be scattered over the floor of the sheds. But the first thing to be attended to is bleeding, from two to six quarts; administering half a pint of brandy every two hours.—*Cor. London Field.*

FROM THE SALT LAKE, the rumor is that Brigham Young, the Mormon despot, has been obliged to flee from that place, to escape the fury of his excited flock, owing to difficulties about property.

NEWS ITEMS.

PROFESSIONAL HOWLING.—The *Jewish Chronicle* mentions that a curious branch of business has been established at Lyons. It appears that an association of howlers has been formed, which engages to supply at each funeral a number of professional wrepers. The charge made is five francs per head. They have adopted a peculiar costume, and follow the hearse weeping and sobbing. This recalls to memory the mourning women mentioned in the Bible, who, on mournful occasions, likewise let themselves out on hire, wringing their hands, and crying and lamenting aloud.

THE following is printed in sober earnestness in the Spiritual Telegraph. To laugh would be improper:

"*A Meditative Domestic Wanted.*—One of our patrons in Kalamazoo (Mich.) wants a female domestic in the family who is meditative and would be willing to sit in the family circle for communion with spirits."

GAS MADE FROM WATER.—All attempts to manufacture gas from water alone, have heretofore been a complete failure; Payne's gas turpentine and water gas, water and platina gas, and many such like have all proved either impracticable, or inferior to the coal and wood gas now in use. A French chemist, Mr. Gillard, has at last discovered and put into actual use the gas made from water, not in the laboratory or at an exhibition, but in illuminating a whole town; the ancient city of Narbonne, France, glories in a light, the elements of which are drawn from its antique and beautiful canal, the flame looking like the electrical light, dazzling, but not tiresome, as white as can be, without vacillation or smell; all the burners being similar to so many planets. *Courriers des Etats Unis.*

A GOOD WORD FOR CRINOLINE.—During the last year much has been said and written against the abuse of "crinoline;" but the inhabitants of Vienna have just had proof that it may sometimes be of real service to the wearer. A young English girl, who was employed as governess in the family of an *employe*, was so dissatisfied with her lot that she resolved to put an end to her life by jumping from the ramparts into the dry moat. An officer, who saw the poor girl put her suicidal design into execution, relates "that she looked like a balloon in the air." The height of the wall of the city, at the spot where the attempt at *felo de se* was made, may be about 15 feet; but the girl was so little hurt by her fall "that she walked away as if nothing had happened."

MAKING THE MOST OF HIS EARS.—Some time ago a Maltese sailor went to California, and whilst there had his ears cut off for committing an assault on a child. The ears were returned to him by his punishers. He has lately been going about Lyons as a mendicant, and exhibiting to the compassion of the public in his own pair of ears in a box, which he held up to the gaze of the bystanders, plaintively appealing to their charity and patriotism as a poor soldier who had been made prisoner by the Russians, and thus cruelly mutilated.

THE HAVANA correspondent of the New Orleans True Delta says that a private letter has been received, stating that Gen. Walker had evacuated Rivas, and had taken refuge on board a British man-of-war at San Juan del Sur.

THE CALIFORNIA SENATE has passed a bill submitting to the people the question of paying the State debt.

THE Washington Union says there is now owing to that paper the enormous sum of $70,000 for back subscriptions. It announces that hereafter the business of the establishment will be conducted on strict cash principles. The two-cent *daily* papers of New York, talk of raising their prices to *three cents*. In fact, almost everything within a few years past, has gone up, *save newspapers*.

GOVERNOR GEARY, of Minnesota, in his recent message, in reference to the recent Indian difficulties, says:—"The Indians who perpetrated these atrocities are outlaws from their own tribes. Their existence is incompatible with the safety of the frontier. In order to insure the speedy and cert in punishment of these murderers, as well for the sake of example in future as for the present protection of our western frontier, it may be advisable to memorialise the President of the United States, to send an adequate force of mounted men to scour the country between the Minnesota and Missouri rivers."

A FRENCH seller of sausages infuses the lottery principle into his business, by putting a gold coin in one of every fifty sausages.

A YOUNG LADY in Richmond, Va., recently, in kneeling in church, on a Sunday, caught the high heels of her shoes in one of her hoops, and could not rise until relieved by her beau. When the next prayer was made, she merely inclined herself upon the back of the front pew—thinking no doubt that she was not in *praying costume*.

AT the recent annual meeting of the American Tract Society in New York, the report of the Investigating Committee as to the Society's refusal to publish tracts against Slavery, was made by Judge Jessup. The report asserts that while the political aspects of Slavery are clearly beyond the Society's province, those moral duties which grow out of the existence of Slavery, as well as the moral evils and vices which Slavery is known to promote, fall within the province of the Society and ought to be discussed. The report was adopted by a unanimous vote.

GEORGE HUDSON, whom Punch, in 1847, christened the "Railway King," and who, it is said, owes £100,000, has been re-elected Member of Parliament for Sunderland—thus setting the bailiffs at defiance, for, according to the law, an M. P. is not liable to an arrest for debt. While the elections were going forward, the bailiffs were anxiously watching the state of the poll, in the hope that he would be defeated, but the fates were propitious for the great speculator, and unhappily for his army of creditors he was returned.

NO MISTAKE RECTIFIED.—An intelligent Irishman, in the employ of a firm in Milk street, was sent, a few days since, to a bank in State street, for the purpose of obtaining a sum of money on a check. The money was passed to the Irishman, who did not count it until he was in the street, when he discovered that he had a $20 bill too much. Actuated by a desire that did honor to his head and heart, he returned to the bank and accosted the teller:

"It's a mistake you have made in giving me the money, sure," he said. "We make no mistakes, sir," haughtily replied the teller; "if your money is not correct, you should have spoken before you left the bank." "And you won't correct it?" asked Pat, with a doleful look. "No, sir,—stand one side!" "Then it's myself that is happy to say that I've got twenty dollars too much, and long life to such tillers in general."

Pat was allowed to keep the amount by his employers, and now when he goes to the bank his money is counted twice for fear of mistakes.—*Boston Herald.*

RAFFLING FOR A BABY!—The Dubuque Express relates that a woman recently came to the Minnesota House, in Dunleith, with a young child, and after stopping a day or two, suddenly left, minus the baby, and did not return. The landlord happened over to Dubuque, and mentioning the circumstance to a couple of friends, married, but childless, one of them proposed to adopt the little one as his own. The other immediately made the same proposition, when a dispute arose as to which of the would-be "parients" should have the infantile waif. Finally an appeal was made to the dice-box. Quite a number of people gathered around the table, interested spectators of the singular contest, and the winner, named Beiler, was greeted with a shout of applause. The child is a pretty little girl, three weeks old, and its new-found parents are brimming over with happiness.

EFFECT OF DAHLIA CULTIVATION ON BEES.—A correspondent says he does not know whether those who treat on the subject of bees are aware that the cultivation of the Dahlia is incompatible with the success of the bee-keeper. For many years he was very successful with his bees, having upwards of twenty hives yearly, and, of course, abundance of honey; but, from the time that he commenced growing Dahlias, the bees declined, and he has at last given up those useful insects altogether. They became intoxicated by feeding on that flower; many of them he found dead in the blossoms, or lying on the ground underneath, and those which got home formed little or no honey. He says he has heard the same remark made by many persons, to whom he has mentioned it, both in England and Ireland.—*London Field.*

CHEMICAL PROCESS FOR IMPREGNATING SILK.—A very important discovery has been made by a Mr. Petit, of Lyons, France, of a means of impregnating silk, by a chemical process, with gold, silver, brass, or iron, so that it can be woven with perfect flexibility and thus form, as it were, stuffs of those metals. The invention has been secured by patent, and it will be worked by a company of capitalists on a large scale of manufacture. It is said that the price of this new and unique material will not be high.

LADY'S TRAVELLING WARDROBE.—A few months since a lady from a neighboring city passed through Baltimore en route to Washington, expecting to be absent from her home two days. In the rush of travel about that time, two trunks, containing her wardrobe, were missed, and as she held the checks of one of our railroads for them, the company of course were liable for the contents of the trunks. She was requested to give, as far as she could remember, a list of the articles in the trunks, and their value, when the following list was forwarded, and is now among the archives of the office:

1	diamond bracelet and pin	$450	
1	pair bracelet	60	
1	pair bracelet	30	
1	heavy gold bracelet	100	
2	heavy gold rings	25	
1	coral bracelet and pin	35	
1	pearl pin	15	
1	gold chain	30	
1	brilliant pin	10	
2	small coral bracelets	5	
2	pearl card cases	15	
	Artificial flowers	30	
1	set Ipsition laces	20	
1	set Valenciennes laces	20	
1	set Applique laces	20	
	Other collars and sleeves	30	
1	handkerchief	10	
1	fine do	5	
1	handkerchief	3	
1	handkerchief	5	
1	handkerchief	5	
1	handkerchief	3	
	Gloves amount to	10	
	Bouquet holder	10	
	Opera cloak	30	
	Ermine furs	30	
1	velvet mantilla	20	
1	parasol	5	
2	embroidered skirts	60	
1	blace flounced dress	45	
1	pink flounced dress	35	
1	buff flounced dress	40	
1	buff grass silk	10	
1	blue brocade	20	
1	blue brocade	20	
1	white muslin flounced	30	
1	white muslin flounced	30	
1	brown merino	20	
1	black silk basque	10	
1	black satin basque	12	
1	pair robes of roses basque	12	
2	lace do	25	
1	morning dress of raw silk	30	
1	drab wooden skirt	8	
1	white embroidered flannel skirt	10	
2	long night dresses	6	10
1	pair drawers	2	
2	chemises	3	
4	pair corsets	3	
2	pair white silk hose	2	
4	pair black silk hose	3	
3	pair Lisle-thread hose	3	
5	pair cotton hose	5	
1	pair white kid waiters	4	
1	pair brown and bronze gaiters	6	
1	pair walking boots	7	
1	pair jet and slippers	2	
1	pair bronze slippers	2	
1	pair b'k patent slippers	3	
2	ivory stick fans	3	
1	white paper fan	1	
1	shell comb	4	
1	dressing comb	2	
1	brush	4	
1	head hair	4	
1	set curls	7	
1	head dress	10	
2	head dresses	10	
3	night caps	2	
1	fan	1	
1	opera glass	15	
2	hand mirrors	3	
1	glove box	2	
7	pair gloves	3	
3	pair mitts	2	
1	pair mitts	1	
5	plain skirts	10	
2	flannel skirts	4	
1	black silk basque	12	
1	all wool de'aine dress	7	
1	brown poplin dress	7	
1	night dress	3	
	Plain skirts	3	
	Trunk	30	
	Trunk	15	
	Portfolio	4	
	Flounced skirts	5	
	Letter paper, pens, water colors, drawings, letters, &c.		
	Total	$1,364	

The foregoing catalogue was given as all that could be remembered at the time, but the next day another list was received, enumerating articles to the value of $300, making the grand total of the value of a young lady's wardrobe $2,000 independent of the dresses, jewelry, &c., which she was wearing at the time the trunks were lost. Fortunately, however, for the Company, the missing trunks were found, having been miscarried, and their contents all safe.—*Baltimore American.*

FOREIGN NEWS.—By the Asia we have Liverpool dates to the 2nd of May. The English Parliament had assembled.—The hostile attitude of Spain towards Mexico continues.—Previous accounts of the revolt of the Chinese at Sarawak, and of the slaughter of two thousand of them, are confirmed.—The ship Andrew Foster, of New York, insured in Wall street, sunk by collision with the ship Tuscarora, off Holyhead, on the 28th ult. The crew were saved.—A silver medal and a sum of money has been received from the American Government by the Margate boatmen who rescued the ship Northern Belle.—Lady Franklin has purchased the Aberdeen clipper, for another search for Sir John, and given the command to Capt. McClintock.—The Coolies on board the Peruvian ship Carmen, for Callao, revolted and set the vessel on fire, when they all, numbering 200, perished in the vessel. The Coolies on board the British ship Zealand, also revolted and set fire to the ship, but the flames were extinguished, and in the struggle 27 of the Coolies were killed or wounded before order was restored.

ELECTIONS IN OLD TIMES.—In old times the elections used to be held at the Court House at Second and Market streets. Our forefathers used to indulge in hard knocks on such occasions, and many a cracked crown and ensanguined nose has been seen around the vicinity referred to. The voters then were coped hats, knee breeches, and coats with enormous cuffs and no collars, as unlike as possible the elegant garments manufactured at the Magnificent Clothing Establishment of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 (new style), Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philada.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29 tf

THE RECEIPTS into the Treasury, for the quarter ending April 1st, were nearly $23,000,000, of which $19,000,000 were from the Customs, and over $1,000,000 from the sale of public lands. The expenditures were $17,250,000. A large proportion of the numerous cash drafts consequent from the late duties on cloths, carpetings, salons, &c., which are constantly being manufactured into fashionable Clothing at the elegant store of Granville Stokes, No. 247 (late 229) Chestnut Street, above Seventh, Philadelphia.

ROOT DALVERY.—Sunday Concerts, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1 tf

WE HAVE GOOD REASON TO BELIEVE, that in nine cases out of ten, nervous colds, and all bronchial irritations, however severe, may be cured by the use of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. A single trial will prove this.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

FINE, beautiful Hair, jet black or brown—
Or tresses curling and golden
Is the certain result—without chance or doubt—
Of the use of LYON'S KATHAIRON.

The immense sale of LYON'S KATHAIRON—nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year—is a fair criterion of its excellence and universal popularity. The Ladies universally pronounce it the finest and most agreeable article ever used. It restores the Hair after it has fallen off—invigorates and beautifies it, making it soft, curly and glossy. It cools it from all scurf and dandruff—and in fact is a delightful purpose. Sold by all dealers, everywhere, for 25 cents per bottle.

Beware of counterfeits. HEATH, WYNKOOP & Co., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Perfumery of all kinds, 18 Liberty St., New York. ap4 tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Edgar M. Lacy, Mr. JOHN S. BOOTH, to Miss MARY BRUMONT, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. William Cooper, Mr. JOHN MAGUIRE, to Miss JANE M. FEURET, both of Hestonville.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. William Suddards, Mr. STANLEY G. FLAGG, to Miss ADELAIDE GORDON, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, Mr. SAMUEL LACHLAND, to Miss CATHARINE IRVINE, both of this city.

On the 26th of Feb. by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd D. D., Mr. A. JACKSON SHIRK, to Miss LIZZIE H. CLEMENS, daughter of the late Michael Clemens, Esq., both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. G. W. STEVENSON, to Miss REBECCA P. THOMAS, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. A. A. White, Mr. JOHN MARSHALL, of Derby, to Miss MARTHA M. FLOOD, of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. George H. Jones, Mr. MADISON M. MORRIS, of Baltimore, Md. formerly of Oregon, to Miss ANNIE E. JONES, of Philadelphia.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Alfred Procter, Mr. ANDREW N. BROWN, of Philada. to Miss ADALINE HENTZ, of Juniata Pa.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. J. R. Ripley, Mr. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, to SARAH GRAHAM, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. DANIEL W. EMANS, to Miss ELIZA GETZ, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. JOHN MCPHERSON, of Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss MARGARET A. DICKSON, of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. P. Meredith, Mr. ISAAC H. SINGER, to Miss SARAH PERKINS, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. T. L. Kempton, Mr. JAMES M. DONELLY, to Miss MARY MILLER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 31st instant, by the Rev. C. Kenner, Mr. JOHN J. CHRYSTAL, to Miss MARY A. REIBLE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In this vicinity, (Piqua, Ohio,) March 17th, Mr. CHARLES LUNDREN, formerly from the neighborhood of Philadelphia, where he still has some friends residing.

On the 11th instant, BETTY ROSS, aged 71 years.

On the 7th instant, GRACE GENNARI, aged 66 years.

On the 17th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of John J. and Isabella Anderson, aged 7 years and 7 months.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. MARGARET PETERSON, aged 54.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ANN HUGHES, aged 52 years.

On the 12th instant, JAMES MCCULLOUGH, aged 56 years.

On the 12th inst. Mr. CHARLES MURRAY, aged 54.

On the 9th instant, ADALINE, wife of James Ford.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE LANDY, aged 77.

On the 10th instant, Miss LIZZIE V. HENDRICKS, of Norfolk, Va.

On the 9th instant, Mr. WILLIAM WORRELL, aged 59.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM F. PARKER, aged 17 years and 8 months.

On the 9th instant, Mr. THOMAS KEATING, aged 32 years.

On the 4th instant, SARAH GREGORY, aged 55 years.

On the 10th inst. ELLEN JANE, daughter of Peter Daly and Mary T. Dunlevy, aged 10 years.

On the 8th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Daniel Lawton, aged 65 years.

On the 9th instant, MARY ANN, wife of John C. Weimer, aged 32 years.

On the 10th instant, MARY M. wife of Wm. R. Thomas, aged 37 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Bernard Dimon, aged 55 years.

On the 10th instant, JOHN FITZWATER, aged 83 years.

On the 9th instant, MARY, wife of Geo. Smith, aged 63.

On the 9th instant, JOHN CONARD, Esq. formerly U. S. Marshal of the Eastern District of Penna. aged 61 years.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM S. THOMAS, aged 18 years.

On the 8th instant, ISABELLA, wife of John Robbins, aged 47 years.

On the 8th instant, Mr. THOMAS MCDOWELL, aged 80.

On the 8th instant, Mr. FREDERICK PFEGER, aged 65.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. MARY NEAL, aged 76 years.

On the 9th instant, Mr. WILLIAM PLATT, aged 90 years.

☞ FOR ONLY $3.—PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT in a good business, and a profit of $100 per month guaranteed. For particulars, enclose stamp to AGENCY, HARMONY, R. I. ap11-6t

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. York; BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass. MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala. J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La. HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md. HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn. S. W. PEASE & Co., 26 West Sixth St., Cincinnati. ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa. SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut. E. SENON, Richmond, Va. A. GUNTER, No. 90 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS.

JUST PUBLISHED,

BY

D. APPLETON & CO.,

340 AND 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

QUACKENBOS'S

ILLUSTRATED SCHOOL HISTORY

OF THE

UNITED STATES.

FROM THE

EARLIEST DISCOVERIES

TO THE

PRESENT TIME.

EMBRACING A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE ABORIGINES, BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN, AND NUMEROUS MAPS, PLANS OF BATTLEFIELDS, AND PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

460 Pages, 12mo., Price $1.

THIS BOOK,

BY THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR

OF

"FIRST LESSONS IN COMPOSITION,"

&c., &c.,

HAS JUST BEEN ISSUED,

IN THE MOST ELEGANT STYLE;

And in accuracy, clearness, interest of narrative, richness of illustration, and adaptation to public and private schools of every grade, it is pronounced by all who examine it far in advance of every similar work heretofore published.

The history of our country is so important to the young that the best book on the subject ought to be secured for their use; and, desirous that every friend of education in the land may have an opportunity of examining this admirable work and comparing it with its predecessors, the Publishers will send a copy, post-paid, to any Teacher, Superintendent, or School Trustee who will remit 85 cents, one half the retail price.

☞ Send In Your Names.

AGENTS,

A FORTUNE!!

CAN BE MADE IN SELLING THE

COTTAGE ORNAMENT,

A new, large, and attractive sheet in Map form, 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft., mounted and varnished, which possesses *entirely new features* and is well calculated to ornament

Every Home in City or Country.

There are shown on it—

A Good Map of the United States,

A GLOBULAR MAP OF THE WORLD,

Dial Plate, showing the Relative Time, at the same instant, in various parts of the World,

An Astronomical Place, exhibiting the Orbits of the Planets around the Sun,

Twenty-four Engravings, showing the Peculiar National Costumes worn in different Countries of the World,

Portraits of Eminent Sovereigns of the Old World,

Portraits of ALL THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES, with a view of the mansion of each,

Together with many views of other interesting Engravings All of which are grouped and colored with a symmetry and beauty hardly equalled.

Address ENSIGN, BRIDGMAN & FANNING, 156 William St., New York. my23-9

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Thirty Years' Experience of an Old Nurse.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for your children teething. You may rely upon it, it will give rest to yourselves, and health, rest and comfort to your little ones. There is no mistake in the matter, as MILLIONS CAN NOW TESTIFY. It is the prescription of an old and experienced NURSE, (in the NURSERY, who has spent more than THIRTY YEARS of her life as a Physician and Nurse to CHILDREN.

It is safe to regulate the bowels and cure the DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA in children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We say again, DO NOT NEGLECT IT. Use the SOOTHING SYRUP—it is perfectly safe in ALL CASES, and PLEASANT to TASTE. It is ABSOLUTELY SURE to give IMMEDIATE RELIEF to your suffering child.

Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well tried remedy.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

☞ None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

☞ Sold by Druggists throughout the world. my23-13t

SPLENDID PICTORIAL WORK.

HUNTER'S PANORAMIC GUIDE,

FROM NIAGARA FALLS TO QUEBEC,

Being a perfect picture of those portions of the Canadas through which the River St. Lawrence flows.

THIS SPLENDID PANORAMA

Is *Twelve Feet* in Length, and comprises most beautiful and highly finished Views of *The Falls of Niagara, The Thousand Islands, The Rapids, Victoria Bridge*, the cities of *Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Quebec, &c.* and numerous smaller places; together with 20 pages of Illustrated Letter Press Descriptions of Canadian Scenery, similar to the European Hand Books of the Rhine, &c. We can give employment to

1,000 Travelling Agents

In Selling this Beautiful Book. Price $1.00 at retail.

JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY,

Publishers, Boston,

HENRY P. B. JEWETT, Cleveland, Ohio.

To whom all applications for Agencies, and all orders for the book, must be addressed. my2-4t

ODOR OF LOVE. THE MOST FASCINATING, FRAGRANT AND DELICIOUS PERFUME IN THE WORLD. Sent by mail, postage free, for 25 cents a package. Address HARRISON & CO., my23-2t Box 217 Crawfordsville, Indiana.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell TWO NEW and UNEQUALLED INVENTIONS, wanted and selling EVERYWHERE. My agents have cleared over $5,000 selling one of them. Put in 4 stamps, and I will send you, gratis, 64 pages particulars of the BEST AGENCY in the country. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass. my23-3t

CHEAPER THAN EVER

GOLD and SILVER HUNTING CASE, OPEN DIAL, LEVER, LEPINE and PLAIN WATCHES.

J. LADOMUS has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above, of various celebrated makers, which he warrants to give full satisfaction as timekeepers; also, a large assortment of JEWELRY, of every description, all of which will be sold at the LOWEST PRICES, at his store, No. 1113, formerly 413 Market Street, above Eleventh. my9-13

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR REAL ESTATE AT THE EASTWARD.—The Rancho Pescadero—three miles from Monterey, on the coast of the Pacific, estimated to contain two hundred thousand cords of wood, worth at San Francisco nine or ten dollars per cord, with mansion house and other improvements. It has a good port, protected from prevailing winds. Inquire of JOHN C. GORE, my9-9t Monterey, California.

SAVING FUND of the NATIONAL SAFETY CO., WALNUT Street, South-West corner of THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, has nearly ONE MILLION AND A HALF OF DOLLARS all in first class Securities. Interest Five Per Cent. Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock. mh14-26t

AGENTS WANTED, IN EVERY COUNTY.—THE BEST OF INDUCEMENTS OFFERED. A Catalogue with terms and full instructions will be sent, by addressing D. RULISON, Quaker City Publishing House, No. 23 South Third Street, Philadelphia, or if living West, H. M. RULISON, No. 141 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. mar14-tf

WM. D. ROGERS.

COACH AND LIGHT CARRIAGE BUILDER,

Corner of Sixth and Master Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

Carriages of every description built to order, and for sale, combining durability, style and elegance of finish. sep13-1y

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One Dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

A VALUABLE HAND-BOOK

FOR THE EMIGRANT & TRAVELLER.

NEBRASKA IN 1857;

EMBRACING

The History of Nebraska;
The Claim and Pre-emption Laws;
A Description of the Settled Districts;
The Physical Geography of the Territory; and
Information Concerning its Government, Banks, Schools, &c.

Embellished with a beautiful and authentic

MAP OF NEBRASKA.

One volume, paper. Price, 37½ cents; without the Map, 25 cents. Cloth, with Map, 50 cents. Single copies mailed to any address on receipt of the price.

Just published by

A. S. BARNES & CO., New York,

AND

D. H. COOKE & CO., Chicago. my23-2t

DELANO'S

INDEPENDENT

TOOTH, HAY AND GRAIN RAKE.

The thorough test of this Rake during the past several seasons, in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, has proved it to be far superior to any other now made. With it the farmer can make his hay or grain when he likes and how he likes, perfectly free from dust or dirt. The saving by the use of this Rake, over all others, will more than repay its cost in a single season. Every Rake warranted. Manufactured and for sale by

D. LANDRETH & SON,
Agricultural and Horticultural
Implement and Seed Warehouse,
It Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St., Phila.

THE ORIENTAL HORSE CHARMER.

PART OF CONTENTS.

PART I.—THE ORIENTAL ART.—Introductory Remarks—The True Philosophy—Early Training—Taming a Vicious Horse—Teaching a Horse Various Tricks—Breaking Colts—Catching Colts—Kicking—Rolling—Stopping the Hatter—Restiveness—Baking—Biting—Running Away, &c.

PART II.—GENERAL MANAGEMENT.—Breeding—The Horse in the Stable—Air—Light—Exercise—Litter—Food—Age told in a new way—Good Points—Sense of Smell—Feet, &c.

PART III.—DISEASES AND THEIR CURE—To mix and give a Ball—Diseases of the Teeth—Inflammation of the Eye—Galls—Heave—Bots—Fits, and forty other diseases.

☞ No Farmer should be without this Book.
☞ No Livery Stabler should be without it.
☞ No Owner of a Horse should be without it.

The whole will be sent to any part of the U. S. (Post Paid) for 25 cents. 6 copies for $1. Address C. J. ELDRIDGE, S. E. cor. Third & Sycamore, Cincinnati, O. It

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS ONCE MORE.

JUDGE THOMPSON,

The popular author of "The Green Mountain Boys," "Locke Amsden," &c., has just completed for the public eye, the great work of his life, entitled

GAUT GURLEY;

OR,

THE TRAPPERS OF LAKE UMBAGOG.

This exciting tale is founded on a murder of unusual atrocity, that occurred about 40 years ago, among the Trappers and Hunters of Umbagog and the other wild Lakes lying on the northerly borders of Maine and New Hampshire. Gaut Gurley was supposed to be an actor in this and other flagitious crimes, and made his escape to the West Indies. Judge Thompson has built a story upon these historic facts, which will probably be more read by New England people than any book which he has ever written. It is a work of thrilling interest and rare power. One volume, 12mo. Price $1.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY,

BOSTON. my2-4t

MILLER & COMPANY,

NEW YORK;

SUCCESSORS TO

DIX, EDWARDS & CO.,

Have Just Published

ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM;

A TALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION;"

Originally Published in the

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST.

12 mo. Cloth: Price 75 cts.

The gifted authoress says in her Preface:

"In the following story it has never been my intention to influence the reader for or against Spiritualism. I am on both sides of it myself, and shall not probably further investigate the subject. That the phenomena, bearing the title, are gradually assuming a most wonderful form, and are destined at some day very materially to affect the prospects of this good, free land, no one can doubt who remembers that within a few years Spiritualism was unknown, and that at the present time there are not many families in the Union who do not boast a 'medium' among their number.

"I have had no other object in preparing this volume than to present to the public, in the form of a domestic story, the various incidents of Spiritualism, which, from time to time, have fallen under my observation. Some of them I have witnessed myself, and for many of the others I have the best of living attestation."

THE ENGLISHMAN IN KANSAS.

By F. H. Gladstone, author of "Letters from Kansas," in the London Times. With an Introduction by Frederick Law Olmsted, author of "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," "A Journey in Texas," &c.

MILLER & CO., No. 321 Broadway,
my16-2t Successors to Dix,

Wit and Humor.

PROFITABLE PIETY.

Before Captain Suggs opened his saddle-bags to pay the Indian woman for the land, General Lawson, who wanted a slice, came to Suggs and said, "Mr. Suggs," said he, "I'd like to have an interest in your contract, and I'm willing to pay for it; I'll find the money to pay the Indian, and give you an interest of one-third." "Not 'thout I was willing, would ye?" asked Suggs jeeringly. "I'll do better than that," said Taylor, "I'll furnish the money and give you half the land sells for when we part with it!" "Very probably," remarked Simon, "but onless some on ye counts me out five hundred, and furnishes your own money to buy the land with, I shall have to unlock these here," *patting the saddle-bags*, "and buy it for myself." "I'll do it!" said Colonel Bryan, who had been making a calculation on the inside of the crown of his hat—"I'll do it!" "Ah," said Suggs, "*that's* what made the chicken squall.' *You're* the man I'm a hunting! Draw your weepins!" The land was forthwith "certified" to Suggs, who immediately transferred it to Bryan. "Now, gentlemen," said the Captain, "everybody's satisfied—ain't they?" "If they *ain't* they *ought* to be," replied Colonel Bryan, who was delighted with his bargain. "I think so, too," remarked Suggs, "and bein' as that's the case," he continued, opening his saddle-bags, "as I had to act before you all as if my saddle-bags were full of gold and silver, or else lose my chance of profit here, I'll now throw out these here rocks and old iron, for it's *mighty* tiresome to a horse!" and the Captain *did* throw out the rocks and old iron, for he had not a dollar in the world! The speculators vanished. "This here's a mighty hard world," murmured the Captain to himself, unsingly, "to get along in. Ef a feller don't make every nidge cut, he's in the back-ground directly. It's tile and strive, and tussle every way to make an honest livin'. Well!" he continued, in a strain of unusual piety, as he threw up and caught a roulean of dollars; "well, there is a Providence that purvides; and of a man will *only* stand squar' up to what's right, it *will* prosper his endeavors to make somethin' to feed his children on. Yes, there *is* a Providence! I should like to see the man who would say there ain't. I don't hold with no sich. Ef a man says there ain't no Providence, you may be sure there's something wrong *here*," striking in the region of of his breast pocket—"*and that* man will swindle you, ef he can—CERTAIN!"

NOTHING BUT MEETING TALK.—Everybody in Rhode Island remembers the anecdote of a man distinguished in political life, who was equally eminent in the church, as gifted in conference meeting as he was active in the caucus room.—In the course of one of his exercises in the former he enlarged greatly upon the value of repentance enforced by restitution, and in a moving appeal he declared his readiness, if he had wronged any man, to restore threefold. The exhortation produced a capital effect; the brethren were greatly edified, and the sisters were in tears at the delightful exhibition of piety and good works. After meeting, one of his hearers, who felt a personal as well as general gratification at the professions and promises of the speaker, approached him with many compliments, which the speaker received with Christian humility, claiming nothing for himself, but attributing all his excellence to the sanctifying influences to which he had been subjected, and which, perhaps, might have made him, merely as an instrument, of course in the hands of Divine Providence, a little better than the ordinary run of men. The following day the same man called upon our pious brother and presented an old claim that was undoubted in justice, but not so clear in law. Referring to the exhortation of the previous evening, he suggested that a favorable opportunity was offered to put such professions into practice. He would only ask the simple sum; he could not think of taking advantage of so good a man by exacting the threefold which he had offered in such cases. "Ah, my dear friend," was the affectionate reply, "that was nothing but *meeting talk!*"—*Providence Journal.*

DANGERS OF "THIS WOMAN'S RIGHTS BUSINESS."—When the law regulating the descent of property was under discussion in our General Assembly, it was proposed to increase the portion which is assigned to the widow out of the estate of the husband, where there are no children. One of the Senators strongly objected to any additions to the inducements, already too strong, for wives to get rid of their husbands.—He referred feelingly to the reports with which the newspapers were filled of husbands murdered by their wives, and referred these crimes to the laws that had been enacted, from time to time, giving to women greater rights of property, and making them more independent of their husbands. "Sir," said he, rising with the occasion, and excited by the recollection of the many cases that had occurred, "since this Woman's Rights business has been going on, the *price of pizen has riz* in every town in the United States."—*Providence Journal.*

ONE OF THE JUSTICES.—All the model Justices of the Peace do not live at the West. A certain Vermont Justice of the Peace was afflicted with an impediment of speech, which sometime troubled him—he stammered badly, in fact was a great stammerer. On a certain occasion there was to be a trial before him of a little case about the killing of a dog. The defendant demanded a jury trial. When the jury assembled, the magistrate attempted to administer the oath, and this is the way he *did* it: "Gentlemen of th-the the ju-ju-jury, s-st-stand up. Ho-hold up your ri-ri-right h-hands! You so-so-sol-solemnly swsw-swear, t-that the evidence you sh-sh-shall give in th-this ca-ca-case be-be-be-t-tween the p-p-plaintiff and the def-defend—Oh, pshaw, gen-gentlemen, go 'long you *know* what I *mean!*" and the jury sat down, and the case was tried with the oath thus left incomplete in the stammering Justice's mouth!

A SEVERE REPROOF.—At the Belleville Theatre, the opera of *La Gazza Ladra* was being performed, when, in one of the most pathetic scenes, some one threw on the stage a large head of a goose, which threw the audience into a loud laughter. Upon silence being restored, the actor Cotru advanced to the front of the stage, and said—"Gentlemen, if any one among you have lost his head, do not be uneasy at its loss, for I will restore it to you on the conclusion of the performances."

PUZZLING QUESTION.—A little friend of ours, a few days ago, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler:—"Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?"

THE FINE OLD DUTCH GENTLEMAN

Tune—"The Fine Old English Gentleman."

I'll sing you now a Dietchen song 'bout Hans Von Knupleghext,
Vot keeps a lager bier saloon up in the Bowery shtreet,
He eat de shweinepeef, shpeck un slough un every kind of meat,
Un I shvear mit mine good grashus, pon top de people, so much as a barrel of sourkrout, un two pushels of lager bier, every morning he vood eat!
He vas a fine old Dietchen Shentleman one of de pestest kind.

By de freshtove in his bier saloon every morning he vood shtand,
Mit a bottle of Schnapps down by his side un a glass up in his hand,
Un by himself he trinks dis toast, "Ich lieben die Vaderland."
Un midout you couldst Dietsche verahter for be vold nix inglish gaspreken ven he'd say "Speckiehbeckevon-grossen-dunder un blitzen nut de-swinegrahdie-shipoupens-die-dubbleshen," you couldst nix understahnd,
Dis fine Olt Dietchen Shentleman von of de goot olt kind.

His nose vas red as a beetle, yaw by dunder dat ish drue,
His mout pout fourdeen inches wide, his eyes vere plack ash plue;
He pelongs mit de fresangerbund un he vas a turner, too,
Un poleditiks makes mit him nix difference, but ven you comes mit de Maine liekers law, to take avay his lager bier, den py dum dat vas so someding new,
To dis fine Olt Dietchen Shentleman von of de pestest kind.

Dis fine Olt Dietchen Shentleman he vent to bed drunk every night,
Un sometimes ven dere vas coming round elections mit de under fellers he'd fight;
Un alsouck dem on dis koup mit a double-barrel'd powles knife, but I dont dink dat vas rite,
For ven von of dem beoples haf his head peaked into his nose all afur his face, un vas nearly drowned mit a big stick, I tell you somethings rite avay shust now dat vas a sorry sight,
To dis fine Olt Dietchen Shentleman von of de goot olt kind.

But von time dere comed some droubles un he fight mit all his main,
Dough he vas kilt von two ash six eight dozen couple of times, he shumps up un fites again,
Dill his bed was all spilitted open down his back, un den de blood comes down like rain;
Un py and py some dere de coroner mit de shurry un sit on him apout dwenty-two hours ash tree quarters, un skqueeze all de preth out of his body, den dey prings in a verdigrease, vot he dies from prandy un vater on de prain,
Does dis fine Olt Dietchen Shentleman de subject of dis song. —*Spirit of the Times.*

A DECIDED SETTLER.—Two Irishmen—one a Protestant, the other a Catholic—got into a dispute, yesterday, in the alley which divides our office from the next building, as to which was the true religion. The Protestant seemed to have the best of the argument for a long time; but his adversary at last exclaimed: "Didn't St. Paul address all his epistles to the *Romans?* Show me a letter that he ever wrote to the *Protestants*, and I'll give in." We cannot say which it was—the rain or the logic—that ended the discussion; but the voices of the disputants were hushed.—*Boston Courier.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Dresses with double skirts are gaining favor, so much so, indeed, that they are now generally adopted in negligee and morning costume. The skirts are so ample, that even more material is requisite to form the dress than if a full trimming of flounces were employed. The skirts are fastened in at the waist in small plaits, and are ornamented at the edges with some kind of trimming, such as passementerie, bows of ribbon, tucks, &c., or sometimes they are entirely without trimming, being edged simply with a plain hem.

Plain silk has the preference over any kind of figured silk for the style of dress above-mentioned. Some pretty figured silks have just appeared; the patterns consist of stripes, chequers, or wreaths. Among the newest figured silks which have as yet been introduced are some of showy patterns. We have seen one consisting of broad white and brown stripes. Upon each of the white stripes there are two very narrow brown stripes. Silks of the same pattern are manufactured in all colors.

Basques will be generally adopted during the summer, and it is probable they will be a little longer and fuller than those hitherto worn. Some of the new dresses have a double basque, the upper one being much shorter than the under one. Others have a single basque vandyked at the edge, with *grelots* suspended from the points. Embroidery is a favorite ornament for basques.

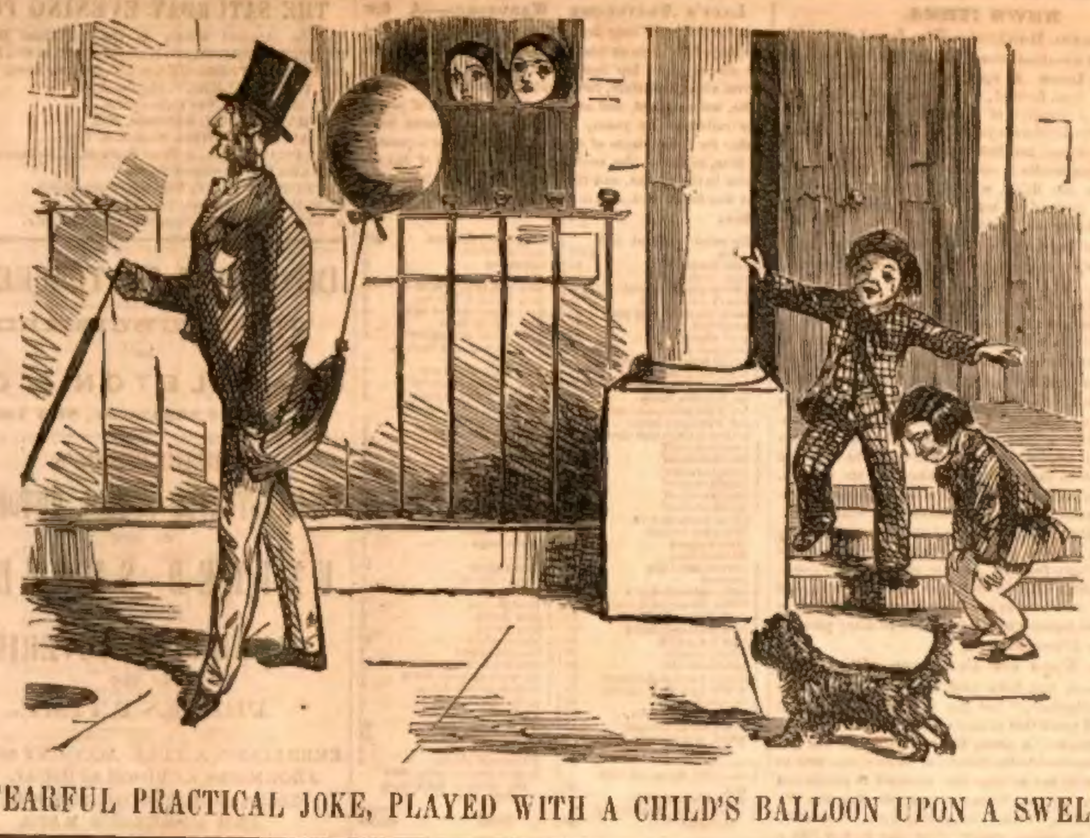
No material change is likely to take place, for the present, in the shape of bonnets. The small bonnet is still paramount in the vortex of fashion, notwithstanding that endeavors have been made to displace it.

The new under-sleeves which have appeared for the spring and summer are very pretty. Several are composed of worked muslin and Valenciennes insertion. They are closed at the wrist, and consist of pufings separated one from another by bouillons, with runnings of colored ribbon. The wristband is formed of similar bouillon, and is fastened by a bow and flowing ends of ribbon. The ribbon employed in trimming under-sleeves should harmonise with the color of the dress.

The sleeves of walking and in-door dresses are wide. Even in full evening dress, the short sleeves are occasionally made to bear some slight proportion to the full skirts now worn, by having appended to them a fall of lace a quarter of a yard deep.

A magnificent specimen of embroidery has just been produced in Paris, and forms the chief ornament of a dress and Court train commissioned by a Princess of the Imperial family of Brazil. The dress and train are both composed of India tarlatane of the finest quality. The embroidery is worked with colored chenille and silver, and the pattern consists of bouquets and wreaths of lilac with foliage. The lilac is in the natural color, and each little flower is encircled with silver; the foliage is in green. The embroidery on the dress reaches from the edge of the skirt to the knees, and a *tablier* of the same passes up the front. The train is ornamented with a border of embroidery, and edged with *dentelle d'argent*. The dress is lined with white glace.—*London Lady's Paper, April 18th.*

FISH STUNNED BY STRIKING ON THE ICE.—In autumn, when the frost begins to set in, the fisherman courses along the rivers, and when he observes a fish under the ice in shallow water, he strikes a violent blow with his wooden mallet perpendicularly over the fish, so as to break the ice. The fish, stupefied by the blow communicated to it by the water, in a few seconds rises quite giddy to the surface, where the man seizes it with an instrument made for the purpose.—*Scerbi's Travels.*



FEARFUL PRACTICAL JOKE, PLAYED WITH A CHILD'S BALLOON UPON A SWELL.

Agricultural.

IN-AND-IN BREEDING.

There are some curious truths portrayed in the following interesting article, from the Ohio Farmer, and while they are novel in character, they are equally fearless, and certainly worthy of close observation:—

1. The question of breeding *in-and-in* is one of very great importance. It is known how much diversity of opinion exists in regard to it; with, I think, a general drift of public sentiment against it. What I have to say is the result of experience and very careful consideration of all the facts and principles involved; so far as I was possessed of them. Let it go as part of the means, by which others may make up a more reliable judgment.

2. There are two kinds of in-and-in breeding, which are, in my opinion, to be carefully distinguished from each other. That which is up and down; and that which is collateral. And then that which is collateral, is liable to produce very different results, according as the relationship is complete, or only partial. And again, that which is up-and-down, is liable to produce very different results, whether it is direct and immediate, or whether a generation or two intervenes. I will add, that far more depends upon the particular race of animals under question, where this matter of in-and-in breeding is to be decided, than is generally supposed.

3. A full brother and sister are just twice as much akin to each other, as either of them is to either of its parents. They have the very same blood; whereas, each of them has only one-half of the blood of each parent. The breeding of a full brother and sister together, is therefore, twice as close in-breeding, as to breed either of them to either of their parents. The half-brother and sister, have exactly as much common blood, as the parent and issue; and cousins in the first degree, precisely as much as the grand-parent and its grand issue. The great grandsire, or dam of an animal, has only one-eighth part of common blood with it; which is the same common blood as exists between cousins in the second degree. Many breeders would carefully avoid the former cross, while they would not think the common blood in the latter, worth considering.

4. It is at once curious and important to consider what an immense mixture of blood takes place in a few generations. An animal has one sire only; in the second degree two; in the third degree four; in the fourth degree eight; in the fifth degree sixteen. Here are but five descents—the smallest number any one is content with, as proof of a pure pedigree. But in these five descents we have no less than 32 ancestors, male and female, whose blood is mingled in the veins of the single animal we are interested in. And if we will add a few more crosses, how rapid is the increase; in the sixth degree alone, thirty-two ancestors of both sexes;* in the seventh degree, sixty-four ancestors of both sexes; in the eighth degree, one hundred and twenty-eight; in the ninth degree, two hundred and fifty-six; in the tenth degree, five hundred and twelve. That is, at this tenth degree, which you will see so pompously insisted on, in multitudes of pedigrees, our animal can count 1,054 ancestors; with the most remote of whom, he has the 2128th part of common blood! How is it possible for us to know any thing *special* of the *personal* peculiarities of the fiftieth part of these 1,054 ancestors? How can we guess which one of them it may be, after which our animal has "*taken?*" Let us be modest and reasonable about things involved in so much uncertainty, the moment we pass beyond great and general laws.

5. We are to remember, however, that this widening and ascending process must not only have an end, but in its last half must exactly reverse its first half. Take a bull descended from the bull Hubback, or a stallion descended from the Godolphin Arabian; the two ends of these pedigrees will terminate in the points of two cones, of which the bases are united in the middle. You trace up to the widest number of ancestors; then you narrow in, and concentrate at last upon the original parent—say Hubback, or the Godolphin. Examine this carefully, and observe what an immensity of in-and-in work there was, in widening from the original starting point; and then how much more, in narrowing back to our animal. Consider what a vast proportion of Durham cattle with pure pedigrees, trace back to Hubback—what an immense mass of high bred horses, trace back to the Godolphin. These are but illustrations; but they illustrate facts and principles of the very highest importance; and these cases are used only because they are notorious and unquestionable.

6. You may cut off the ears and tails of ten thousand rams, and yet after that, every one of them will beget lambs with full ears and long tails. But a rare chances to be born without ears and without a tail, he is nearly certain to beget *some lambs* with these same peculiarities. And these of his get, are still more certain to beget others with these peculiarities; and the certainty increases with every generation. At length, you *establish* that variety of sheep. *Occasionally*, a tail and ears may come forth; just as *occasionally*, a black nose, in the Durham. It is in this manner that only *congenital* peculiarities are capable of being reproduced and perpetuated; and it is perfectly obvious that the more thoroughly you adhere to such as have the peculiarity, the more certain you are to establish and perpetuate it.

7. To a certain extent, therefore, all *pure* breeding is in-and-in breeding. If you step over a certain circle, within which all are of the same blood, you get back at one step, nearly to the point where some one started, perhaps a thousand years ago, with the primeval individual, with the accidental natural peculiarity, which now marks such, or such a race. Inside of this circle, within which you must confine yourself, in all pure breeding, there are many other smaller circles, all of which become more intensely affiliated to certain purities, or certain peculiarities; the innermost one of which, is the very closest in-and-in breeding. It is the very same principle which runs all through. The only real question is, as to the wisest method of its application. Pure breeding, and in-and-in breeding, are the same thing.

8. The experience of the most successful breeders in all countries, has continually verified those results, which the fair theoretical analysis of the facts of the case establishes; and incontestably proves the clamor against in-and-in breeding to be in effect tantamount to a clamor against all thorough breeding.

In the first place, let us rest satisfied that beyond a doubt, our animal is half-blooded of his father, and the other half of his mother; and therefore, let us be perfectly certain who they are, and what they are; for half his blood is quite another thing, from the thousandth part of his blood. And in the next place, if thus produced from a father and a mother, that suited us—and if he or she also suits us—let us rest assured that we run no serious risk of being unsuited by pressing these suitable things a little further, watching as we go. The sire and dam of *Remick*, were full brother and sister; the closest possible. If all is well, we have thus intensified all the qualities we had obtained. Don't try it much quite so near; but don't fear. They say your stock will become barren. In more than thirty years, I never raised a barren cow, that was not a Free-Martin; and I have a cow at present that brought me four fine calves at two births in less than one year, and raised them all.

AGRICOLA.

* This must refer to one sex only—either sire or dam.—*Ed. Ohio Farmer.*

OIL CAKE FOR MILCH COWS.—Oil cake produces a generous flow of milk. It may be fed to heifers for three months before their first calving, and will produce a larger development of udder, than otherwise. A cheap way of reaching the result is the following: Strew a handful of boiled flaxseed over the fodder of the cows every day.

BREAKING COLTS.—General principles should prevail here, as elsewhere. These are—1. Begin early. 2. Begin by degrees. 3. Be gentle and patient. 4. Be firm. 5. Feed well with generous, but not too stimulating food. 6. Be very sure neither to overtask the strength, or crush the spirits of a colt.

A PRESUMPTUOUS MONOMANIAC.—It is very well known that, by the laws of England, the Lord Chancellor is held to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such individuals as are said to be no longer of sound mind and good disposing memory—in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord Chancellor Loughborough once ordered to be brought to him a man against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy. He examined him very attentively, and put various questions to him, to all of which he made the most pertinent and apposite answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with." Towards the end of his examination, however, a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter, was put into Lord Loughborough's hands, on which was written "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as his lordship. He forthwith took his cue.

"What fine poetry," said the Chancellor, "is in Isaiah!"

"Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew."

"And how well Jeremiah wrote!"

"Surely," said the man.

"What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!"

"Do you like him?" said the man; "I'll tell you a secret—*I am Ezekiel!*"

A "NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS."—This expression, applied by Napoleon to the British people, was original, it appears, with Samuel Adams, who employed it in an oration on the subject of American independence, delivered in Philadelphia, in August, 1776. It is probable, however, that the terse expression was used by Napoleon without knowing that it had been anticipated by the vehement old republican of the American revolution.

BULLYING THE DEVIL.—Persons of nervous temperament are apt to offer, as it were, their diseased minds to the influences of imagination. These might profit by practising the courage over self, once evinced by a nervous and imaginative High Bailiff of Westminster. As this official was, on one occasion, in bed, with his arm extended to extinguish the lighted candle on the table by the bedside, he beheld Satan himself seated in the chair near the table, gazing at him with "all his eyes." The nervous dignitary was terribly startled, but he was a courageous man, and choosing to think himself constitutionally sound, with no disease about him over which imagination should have the mastery, he quietly turned on his elbow and looking steadfastly at the Father of Sin, he quietly remarked, "I'll tell you what it is, if you have nothing to do but to sit there staring, I have something better to do than lie and look at you. I'm going to sleep." And therewith he put out the light, and conscious of a victory over imagination, slept like a conqueror, and was never again troubled by shadowy visitations.—*London Athenæum.*

THE HINDOO WHO HAD BEEN MARRIED TWICE.—"It is read in the *Bibliotheque Orientale*, that a poor Hindoo, having been released from the cares of this world and from a scurvy wife, presented himself at the gate of Brahma's paradise.

"'Have you been through *purgatory?*' asked the god.

"'No! but I have been *married*.'

"'Come in then; it is all the same.'

"At this moment arrived another man, just defunct, who begged of Brahma to be permitted to go in also.

"'Softly, softly! Have you been through purgatory?'

"'No! but what of that? Did you not admit a moment ago, one who had not been there any more than I?'

"'Certainly; but he has been *married*.'

"'Married! who are you talking to? I have been married *twice*.'

"'Oh, pshaw!' replies Brahma, 'get away! Paradise is not the place for *fools!*'"

Useful Receipts.

CEMENT FOR LEAKY ROOFS.—Five years ago we applied a cement composed of white lead paint, whiting, and dry white sand, to a small tin roof that leaked like a sieve; it soon became nearly as hard as stone, has never scaled off, and has kept the roof, since then, perfectly tight.—It was put on about the consistency of thin putty.

This cement is excellent for filling up cracks in exposed parts of brick buildings, pointing up the base of chimneys where they project through the roofs of houses, stopping up seams in the roofs of buildings, closing cracks in cellar floors and walls, &c. White lead and sand, without the whiting, also make an excellent cement for seams and cracks.

Slaters' cement, for stopping leaks around chimneys, is composed of linseed oil, whiting, ground glass, and some brickdust. It is a good cement for this purpose; also for closing the joints of stone steps to houses.—*Scientific American.*

TO MAKE AN EVERGREEN GROW COMPACT.—If you have an Evergreen, or Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, American Spruce, or any of the pines, and desire to make it grow more compact, just pinch out the bud from every leading branch, all around and over it. Repeat this process again next year, at this time, and your Evergreen will continue thereafter to grow thickly.—*Ohio Farmer.*

GRUBS IN THE BACKS OF CATTLE.—Put a red hot needle into the swelling far enough to kill the grubs, but not far enough to burn the flesh beyond; or press the grubs out with the hand, and crush them; else they will grow into a fly, and sting the cattle again in the summer.

TO PREVENT A COW FROM FRETTING AFTER HER CALF.—Let the calf wear a strap around the neck; when taken from the cow, put the strap around the cow's horns. The smell of the calf that remains on the strap will in a great measure prevent her fretting. If she has been accustomed to go to her calf at noon, let her be milked for a few days at the same time.

THE FRENCH POT AU FEU.—Soyer, the celebrated French cook, gives the following recipe for the national soup of France:

Put a gallon of water in the pot, put four lbs. of the buttock of beef, or shin, or five pounds of the thick part of the leg, three teaspoonfuls of salt, one of pepper, four onions, four leeks, cut in pieces, two carrots, and two good-sized turnips, three cloves, one burnt onion, or three spoonfuls of coloring; set it on the fire; when beginning to scum, skim it and set the pot on one side of the fire. Add now and then a drop of cold water; it will make it clear. Boil four hours. Bread sliced, put into the tureen, and pour the broth with some of the vegetables over; serve the meat separate, and the remaining vegetables round.

A SPECIFIC FOR SHEEP.—Sheep "poisoned by eating ivy," may be cured by good feed and a free allowance of salt. Liberal salting is said to be a specific for "wool eating" in sheep.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.
My 9, 35, 1, 36, 21, 28, 35, 21, was a distinguished American sculptor.
My 13, 29, 5, 25, 10, 11, was a noted German dramatist.
My 4, 22, 24, 30, 25, was a celebrated French general.
My 19, 7, 12, 15, 27, 17, 31, 30, 29, was Lord Chief Justice of England.
My 9, 35, 26, 6, 9, 22, 35, was Archbishop of Canterbury burned at Oxford, England, for heresy.
My 32, 37, 13, 10, 5, 3, 21, was a Duke shot by order of Napoleon in 1804.
My 30, 24, 38, 29, 20, was a French musician.
My 11, 22, 7, 6, 19, was one of the founders of our Constitution.
My 28, 4, 33, 29, 35, 12, was a poet of the eighteenth century.
My 16, 26, 30, 29, 5, 37, 21, was an artist of the sixteenth century.
My 33, 7, 8, 23, 24, 35, 5, 6, was a President of the United States.
My whole is a Spanish proverb.

Vermont. HARP.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 5, 14, 4, 11, 9, was a High Priest of the Jews.
My 19, 8, 33, 16, 27, 2, was the Secretary of the Prophet Jeremiah.
My 27, 3, 33, 4, 31, 32, was a brook near Jerusalem.
My 33, 14, 10, 11, 9, was a celebrated idol of the Philistines.
My 17, 19, 8, 12, was a Mountain of Palestine.
My 12, 23, 7, 1, 15, 13, was a Governor of Judea.
My 10, 8, 21, 22, was a city of Palestine.
My 28, 14, 10, 8, 35, was an Egyptian woman.
My 8, 26, 16, 25, 3, 14, was a province of Syria.
My 18, 20, 27, 10, 7, 1, 13, was one of the Egyptian Plagues.
My 15, 5, 18, 14, 27, 2, 25, was a Prophet.
My 23, 31, 27, 22, 29, was a King of Egypt.
My 11, 4, 17, 19, was a Prince of Midian.
My 25, 23, 16, 10, 31, 9, was one of the tribes of Israel.
My 7, 8, 15, 29, 15, was an Island in the Egean Sea.
My 21, 14, 19, 4, 3, 20, was an ancient musical instrument.
My 16, 32, 25, 27, 34, 33, 9, was an animal mentioned in the Bible.
My 26, 8, 30, 17, 4, was used in the Mosaical Offerings.
My 20, 14, 35, 32, was an Egyptian article of merchandize.
My whole was a miracle recorded in the Bible.

Sheffield, Pa. CHASE.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 2, 8, is a preposition.
My 6, 12, 22, is what men wear.
My 3, 12, 21, 4, is a girl's nickname.
My 10, 15, 16, 21, 12, is a country of Europe.
My 8, 4, 12 is a weapon.
My 4, 17, 7, 9, is a division of Soudan.
My 12, 13, 10, 19, 12, is an archipelago.
My 16, 21, 20 is essential to life.
My 1, 20, 17, is a good motto.
My 20, 2, 11, is a troublesome animal.
My 21, 20, 7, is akin to anger.
My 20, 4, 14 is a river in the United States.
My 18, 21, 12, is a peculiar property of fish.
My whole is a little wholesome advice.

GAMMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A noun's my first, an active verb,
A thing of which you oft have heard;
My first, without my second, would be
Of not the least utility.

My third's oft seen from the ocean's sand,
But never upon the rolling land;
My whole's an art which you will find
Is highly useful to mankind.

Pequea, Pennsylvania. ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a Latin word signifying *to*,
Which every man to his purse tries to do.
My second is a person of the verb *to be*,
Which you can guess as easy as see.
My whole is the name of a noted man,
Who flourished ere worldly strife began.

White Hall, Ohio. JOHN W. CRAMER.

CHARADE

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kind of fowl.
My second is an interjection.
My third much used in writing.
My whole is an Atlantic cape.

Jefferson Co., Ind. W. WATTINGTON, Jr.

ANAGRAMS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1.—Grapes hop pary. 4.—Hat, I gin Nile G.
2.—Rogue glamma 5.—Fun Lemce.
3.—Neat too air con. 6.—If my lips.

GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a scaline triangle containing 21 acres is 840 perches; and the angle included between the two shorter sides is 67 degrees 22 minutes 48 seconds. Required—the sides of the triangle?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why does one of the lakes of Minnesota not belong to our Government. Ans.—Because it's the "Devil's." (*Devil's Lake.*")

☞ What ridge of Kentucky is more elevated in the estimation of our people, than the Blue Ridge of Virginia. Ans.—Breckenridge.

☞ Why are the Irish such a "spunky" race. Ans.—Because they are natives of *Ire* land.

Charleston, Ill. T. E. WOOD.

☞ When should a farmer be able to do plenty of work? Ans.—When he's four handed (forehanded.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.—Morse, the inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph. POETICAL ENIGMA.—The Lady of the Lake and the Lay of the Last Minstrel. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Words are like arrows and should not be shot at random. CHARADE.—Robin Hood. CHARADE.—Ploughshare. TRANSPOSITION.—Female. ASTRONOMICAL PROBLEM.—235750 miles.

MANNERS OF THE TURKS.—I think the Turks pre-eminently well bred; and this attribute seems to belong naturally to them, however elevated the position may be which they have attained, however mean and sordid that from which they have emerged. * * * Among the people there is a disposition to be obliging and friendly. We Americans can copy the despised Turk to advantage in these respects.—*Carlisle's Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.*

BURKE'S TACT.—It was a fine compliment which Johnson, when debilitated by sickness, paid to Burke—the only man who was a match for that conversational tyrant: "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now it would kill me." "Can he *wind into a subject, like a serpent*, as Burke does?" was the shrewd question put to Boswell by Goldsmith.

☞ An old gentleman was sitting upon the brink of a river, fishing most patiently. Suddenly a vicious little dog stole up behind him and gave him a spiteful snap through his pantaloons. "By heavens!" exclaimed the old fisherman, "I've got a bite at last."